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TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.

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A New Poet.

We have received, from Roberts & Brothers, a book of poems by Jean Ingelow. It is good *not* from the title page to finis, but rather better poetry than we could write in the next half hour. It opens with the unfortunate name of "Divided," and describes, in clear and summer-like language, the gathering of the bees, as crowds of bees are giddy with clover, crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet. Then follows a very pathetic description, over which those who have tears to shed let them shed them now:

"The beak grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin our songs are done;
We move apart while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun."

As Polonius remarked, upon a similar occasion, the stooping sun "is good." Suns have such a habit of stooping, that it could not be better painted than in the way in which Jean Ingelow presents it.

Then there is another remark entirely appropriate, about a breathing sigh and a sigh for an answer, all of which has our entire approbation.

Then there is some more said about a "yellow moon drooping." It is remarkable that moons are always yellow—but don't droop much. It concludes with,

"Farther, farther I see it, I know it—
My eyes from over it melt away;
Only my heart to my heart will show it,
So I walk desolate day by day."

We thought we were done with desolate young people many and many a year ago. If not, we positively believed, notwithstanding Miss Jean Ingelow, that they had quit talking about it in public.

This, however, isn't a fair criticism. The "Dramatic Unities," or the "Unique Dramitics," present two young people holding hands and marching from the source of a stream. As the fountain flows into a brook, and the brook into a stream, and then widening into a river, these two young people foolishly try to hold hands, and, as it is utterly impossible for any two arms to extend over a thousand yards, they are fortunately separated. If it had been under our auspices this never should have happened.

Our poetic genius, of which we are deservedly proud, gets up the same poem in the following language:

If you go that side I go that side,
Never river can dissever
Us by a sort of odd elide,
When we want to live forever.

That is a base plagiary of which we are disgracefully ashamed. It simply means if you love me as I loves you, no knife can cut our love in two.

Does this sound severe? Isn't any sickly sentimentality, prose or poetry, either to be laughed at or worse?

Still it is a genius, this Jean Ingelow, who has written more and has more genius than all that has been printed in foolish gold. Can this comment on a sermon be improved?

"I have heard many speak, but this one man—
So anxious not to go to heaven alone—
This one man I remember and his look
Till twilight overshadowed him. He ceased,
And out in darkness with the fisher folks
He passed, and stumbled over mounds of moss.
* * * * It was as if the Christ
Had drawn down from heaven to track us home,
And any of the footsteps following us
Might have been his."

And there is another song, the first of the songs of seven:

There's no dew left on the daises and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
My birth-day lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only *one* times *one*.

O, moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,
You are nothing but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven
And shine again in your place.

O, velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold.
O, brave marsh-mary buds, rich and yellow.
Give me your money to hold!

O, Columbine, open your folded wrapper
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O, cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it,
I will not steal them away;
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

This is one of seven pictures, all of them having the same pathos and the same poetry—with one exception. The exception we will not notice, as the poems are before the world and every one can judge for himself. "Jean Ingelow," if not a genius, has the clear, practical idea of poetry that will improve on reflection. There is much, very much, we would like to quote, but we have but one newspaper. The best way is to get the book and read it. While much of it is in an unhealthy tone, the book itself is the production of a pure and gentle mind.

ENOCH ARDEN, etc., by Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

As a whole, this, the latest work of the English laureate, is unequal to his reputation and to his previous works, though there is much in it that approaches some of his best productions. The longest poem in the book is the one from which the volume takes its name. It was the original intention of the author, we are informed by the London critics, to call them "The Idyls of the Hearth," in accordance with the style of the poems, and in contradistinction to his volume called the "Idyls of the King." He was persuaded, upon what plea it is impossible to discover, by his bookseller to give the title as it now appears. In so doing the poet has exhibited again, in very striking colors, the absurdity of allowing any one but the author to name his own progeny.

The book contains a number of poems with which the public is familiar, as they have appeared from time to time in the magazines and news papers of the day. The finest of them is the lament of Tithonous, as it is also one of the best in the book, whose prayer for immortality was granted. We give the following brief selection—the poem is too familiar to need more:

"A soft air fans the cloud apart, then comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born—
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renewed,
Thy cheek begins to redden through the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly, close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise
And shake the darkness from that loosened mane,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire."

A noble and poetic picture of the old classic fable of Phœbus, is it not?

Among other poems which are familiar to the public, we notice "The Grand-Mother," "Sea Dreams," "The Sailor Boy," "A Welcome to Alexandra," and of the experiments in quantity, and specimen translation of the Iliad in blank verse. The majority of the other poems are indifferent, although there is some strength in the northern farmer giving an account of the death-bed of a rugged Northumberland farmer. It has the draw-back of being in a slightly unintelligible language, but the meaning can be made out. The voyage is rich in picturesqueness. "Requiescat" and the "Ringlet" are absurdly trivial, and would hardly ever have received publication but from that authorship, and much better, for the author it would have been had they not been published. Boadicea, as an experiment in versification is a decided failure. We have not been able to read it through. Tennyson had better leave such experiments in the future to the smaller fry of poets.

The main poems in the book are "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field," and they contain fine specimens of that peculiar silver-flowing idyllic blank verse that is such a favorite with the author.

The story of the main poem is essentially simple and touching, filled with that self-sacrificing love which always seems to flow in tears. Annie Lee, a little village maid, is loved in childhood by two boys, Enoch Arden and Philip Ray. As years roll on she marries Enoch, who is a fisherman. They have three children—one daughter and two sons; the youngest of the latter is a feeble little creature, born while his father was laid up with a broken leg. The father, dreading poverty, goes to sea against the supplication of his wife, who forebodes nothing but evil. He is shipwrecked and left on an uninhabited island with two of his companions. In the meantime poverty and distress had fallen upon the wife at home. The children were growing wild, and at last the youngest died. Then Philip Ray, who has not ceased to love his school-boy sweetheart, offers to take charge of the two remaining children and educate them—to which she consents. Finally he tells his love, and she, after entreating a year's time, in the hope of Enoch Arden's return, consents. Then follow years of peace. At length, as our readers have anticipated, Enoch does return, and hears the whole story from the landlady. He resolves, for the love and peace of his wife, not to make his story known, but after his death it is made known. Like all of Tennyson's poems, it is finished with that careful art which seems to be utterly devoid of art. It is not as great a poem as his "Idyls of the King," but it is tenderly beautiful, and has been classed with his "Dora" and the "Princess." We have not room for many quotations, but we offer this familiar image of the conflicting feelings of Enoch's wife, when he first broke his intention to her of going to sea.

"She heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow."

And this misty remembrance of their father in the minds of his children:

"For Enoch seemed to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream—
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where."

What can be finer than this picture of Enoch on the island?

"The mountain wooded to the peak; the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven;
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The luster of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limits of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world.
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor even hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith; or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor waiting for a sail.
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts,
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east,
The blaze upon his island overhead,
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven.
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail."

"Aylmer's Field," the second poem in the collection, is an idyl of the same order, though dealing with persons and events in a higher walk of life.

It is a love tale, and a very mournful one, ending in the death of the lovers, who are sacrificed by the lady's parents to their pride of birth. The subject is beautifully handled, the blank verse being more artistic than that of its predecessor, showing more variety in its construction, admirably portraying the changeful moods and passions. The finest portion of it as a work of art is the strange, half-wild sermon which Averill preaches at the double funeral. How touching this is:

"O rather pray for those and pity them,
Who thro' their own desire accomplish'd bring
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave
Who broke the bond which they desired to break.
Which else had link'd their race with times to come,
Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good,
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?
Have not our love and reverence left them bare?
Will not another take their heritage?
Will there be children's laughter in their hall
Forever and forever, or one stone
Left on another, or is it a light thing.
Then I, their guest, their host, their ancient friend,
I made by these the last of all my race,
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried
Christ ere His agony to those that swore
Not by the temple but the gold, and made
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,
And left their memories a world's curse—'Behold,
Your house is left unto you desolate?'"

The desolation which fell upon the Aylmer estate ends the poem:

"Then the great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcelled into farms:
And where the two contrived their daughter's good,
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedge-hog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The glow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

With such delightfully musical and tender lines as these to reward the reader, it would be hypercritical to find fault with the lesser poems that are in the book. If some of them are childish and others harsh, it is the fault of the subject and the measure rather than the poet. Still he is responsible for selecting them, and they serve as a foil to the finer poems.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

NAMELESS.

"O! mothers, blest with food and warmth,
And little dear ones sweet!
Pray to God, your babes may ne'er die
In the cold and lonely street!
I've drifted here, a thing of fate,
And life and I must part!
I'm dying on this cold, cold stone—
Cold as the world's great heart!"

"Dying!" Along the lonely street
The echo scarce had sped,
Ere quickly as a waning flame
The unknown spirit fled!
Silently thro' the winter night
Airy fingers from the cloud,
Did weave around that homeless form
A soft and snowy shroud.

And in the thin gray morning light
The nightman found her there,
Beautiful as if she'd fallen
Asleep in holy prayer!
So icy cold, where all is warmth!
So still, where all is life!
A nameless one, she darkly fell,
Unnoticed in the strife!

BERNARD LYLE.

GLASGOW, September 26, 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

POVERTY.

BY BURCHAM.

When gay birds of fashion go twittering by,
And frisk in the sunshine of pleasure and gold,
I cast at my plumage a crestfallen eye,
And hide my sad form 'neath the covering fold
Of Poverty's garments, 'till Fashion is gone;
Then dream of the joys of the palace of state.
'Tis the same—here I sit, all forsaken and lone—
'Tis but folly to weep o'er the mandates of fate.

And the spirit of Hope then appears on a cloud,
And whispers that gold is not God of the land;
A man though in poverty may nestle as proud
On the bed of contentment as tho' in his hand
Held he millions of gold. Let his conscience be clear,
And beware! never cast tyrant Envy's dark eye;
Then a crestfallen look, ah! he never may fear
When gay birds of fashion go twittering by.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., Oct., 1864.

Married the Wrong Lady.

Love is a very uncertain thing, and it is not safe to be too sure of the symptoms until they are unmistakable. The following will explain our meaning:

Vienna has been stirred up, lately, by the comical result of a strange love story. It seems that in the house of one Herr Kuhue, a teacher of languages, Dr. Kant, a young lawyer, happened to make the acquaintance of a lady, burdened with some property and thirty years. The lady, being unmarried, evidenced particular interest in the young, shy, and rather abashed man of law. She made love to him, in fact, very strongly, and persuaded him to visit her at her house. But alas! he loved another lady. One evening, while conversing with the doctor, she said: "Why, with your favorable idea of matrimony, may I ask if you ever thought of marrying yourself?" Dr. Kant sighed (and his eyes resting on the ground), hesitatingly muttered in reply: "I have already thought of marrying, and made my choice, but—" "But?" the lady hastily interposed. "But," he continued, "the lady is rich, very rich, and I am poor. I am afraid I could hardly aspire to her hand, and, rather than allow myself to be taxed with sordid designs, I will bury my passion in my breast, and leave it unvowed forever." At an early hour the following day she, however, betook herself to a solicitor, and, in legal form, declared her wish to present and hand over as his property the sum of 150,000 guilden (£15,000) to Dr. Kant. When the document had been signed, countersigned and duly completed, she sat down in the office, and, inclosing it in an elegant envelop, added a note to the following effect:

"Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in inclosing a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of your marriage. Believe me, etc., Alice Martini."

Dr. Kant, for he and no other man was the addressed, was the happiest man in the world on receiving this generous epistle. Repairing at once to the parents of Fraulein Fischel, the lady of his love, he proposed for and received the hand of a girl who had long been flattered by his delicate though unavowed intentions. His reply to Fraulein Martini, besides conveying his sincerest thanks, contained two cartes de visite, linked together by the significant rose-colored ribbon. Miss Martini forthwith sued the happy bridegroom for restitution, but as no promise of marriage had been made, the case was by two successive courts decided against her.

75,000 TUNS OF HUMAN BLOOD.—A writer in the Jefferson county (N. Y.) Union, who has been making calculations relative to the number of men killed thus far in this war, gives the following startling results:

There has been enough slain to encircle our State, if their bodies were laid in one continuous line.

If they were placed in coffins, and the coffins corded, they would count 39,000 cords.

If laid in a wall twenty-five feet thick and thirty feet high, it would be over one and one-fourth miles in length.

If five feet thick and ten feet high, the pile would reach across the State.

If piled up in a ten-acre lot, they would be nearly two hundred feet in hight.

And if laid upon the ground, they would cover every foot of soil in Jefferson county.

Seventy-five thousand tuns of human blood have been spilled in Dixie's soil!—enough to turn every spindle in Lowell! and if tears were added to the flood, it would turn the machinery of the continent; and the unavailing sighs would fill every ocean sail!

The one half has not been told. The millions of wounded and maimed for life must be taken into account in summing up the grand total of evils incident to this bloody and fratricidal war.

And the end is not yet.

We shudder at the news of the death of twenty person killed by the accidental breaking of a rail or the sinking of a steamboat, and if two hundred are lost by any means, we are fairly horror-stricken, and are ready to wreak vengeance on any one who has been negligent or careless in the matter.

But when tens of thousands are cut down in one day by the procurement of designing demagogues, we shout "hallelujah," and can hardly contain ourselves for joy, while we thank heaven for the human slaughter.

☞ "Pa, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked sweet sixteen of her sire.

"Why, really, I don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Because John, my cousin, borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me back some of these nights with interest."

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Monday, 10th inst., Mr. Jesse Morris, a well-known farmer of Kent county, Maryland, had his leg broken while driving a wheat drill, by the horses taking fright and running away.

☞ Potatoes were selling a few days since in Coventry, Orleans county, Vermont, at twenty-five cents per bushel.

☞ Young ladies are used as reporters by the Philadelphia papers. If they can write as fast as they can talk, they must be efficient.

☞ John P. Whipple, Chief Engineer, United States Navy, died at Key West on the 25th ult.

A Horrible Accident.

A few evenings since, a Mr. Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident at a factory at L——, and which the editor had described in a great many words.

"I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over at the mill," said Mr. Slocum.

"What is it about?"

"I'll read the 'count, wife; and then you'll know all about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read:

HORRIBLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

It becomes our melancholy and painful duty to record the particulars of an accident that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a human being, in the prime of life, was hurried to that bourne from which, as the immortal Shakspeare says, no "traveler returns." Mr. David Jones, a workman, who has but few superiors, was superintending one of the large drums—"I wonder if 'twas a kettle drum, such as the soggers have," said Mrs. Slocum—when he became entangled. His arm was drawn around the drum, and finally his whole body was drawn over the shaft at a fearful rate. When his situation was discovered he had revolved with immense velocity about fifteen minutes, his head and limbs striking a huge beam a distinct blow at each revolution.

"Poor fellow, how it must hurt him," said Mrs. S.

When the machinery had been stopped it was found that Mr. Jones' arms and legs were macerated into jelly.

"Well, didn't it kill him?" asked Mrs Slocum, with increasing interest.

Portions of the *dura mater*, *cerebrum*, *cerebellum*, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor; in short, the gates of eternity had opened upon him.

Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles, and his wife seized the opportunity to press the question:

"Was the man killed?"

"I don't know; haven't come to that place yet, you'll know when I've finished the piece."

And Mr. S. continued reading:

It was evident when the shapeless form was taken down that it was no longer tenanted by the immortal spirit—that the vital spark was extinct.

"Was the man killed? That's what I want to come at," said Mrs. Slocum.

"Do have a little patience," said Mr. S., eyeing his better half over his spectacles. "I presume we shall come upon it soon."

And he went on reading:

That fatal casualty has cast a gloom over our village, and we trust that it will prove a warning to all persons who are called upon to regulate the powerful machinery of our mills.

"Now," said Mrs. Slocum, perceiving that the narrative was ended, "now I should like to know whether the man was killed or not."

Mr. Slocum looked puzzled. He scratched his head, scrutinized the article he had been perusing, and took a careful survey of the paper.

"I declare, wife," said he, "it is curious, but really the paper don't say."

Knowing too Much.

I find no man so disagreeable to meet with as one who knows everything. Of course we expect it in newspaper editors, and allow for it. But, to meet a man engaged in innocent occupations—over your fence, who is armed cap-a-pie against all new ideas—who "knew it afore," or "has heard so," or doubts it, or replies to your most truthful sally, "t'ain't so, nuther," is aggravating in the extreme.

There is many a small farmer, scattered up and down in New England, whose chief difficulty is—he knows too much. I do not think a single charge against him could cover more ground, or cover it better. It is hard to make intelligible to a third party his apparent inaccessibility to new ideas, his satisfied quietude, his invincible *inertiom*, his stolid and yet shrewd capacity to resist novelties, his self assurance, his scrutinizing contempt for outsideness of whatever sort—his supreme and ineradical faith in his own peculiar doctrine, whether of politics, religion, ethnology, hem-curing, manuring, or farming generally.

It is not alone that men of this class cling by a particular method of culture, because their neighborhood has followed the same for years, and the results are fair; but it is their pure contempt for being taught; their undervaluation of what they do not know, as not worth knowing; their conviction that their schooling, their faith, their principles, and their understanding are among God's best works: and that other people's schooling, faith, principles, and views of truth—whether human or divine—are inferior and unimportant.

Yet, withal, there is a shrewdness about them which forces upon you the conviction that they do not so much dislike to be taught, as dislike to *seem* to be taught. They like to impress you with the notion that what you may tell them is only a new statement of what they know already. It is inconceivable that anything really worth knowing is not come within the range of their opportunities; or if not theirs, then of their accredited teachers, the town school-master, the parson, the doctor, or the newspaper. In short, all that they do not know which may be worth knowing, is known in their town, and they are in some sort partners to it.

Talk to a small farmer of this class about Mechi, or Lawes, or the new theory of Liebig, and he gives a complacent, inexorable grin—as much as to say—"Can't come that stuff over me; I'm too old a bird."

So indeed he is; and a tough bird at that. His mind is a rare psychological study; so balanced on so fine a point, so immovable—with such guys of prejudice staying him on every side—so subtile and yet so narrow—so shrewd and yet so small—so intelligent and yet so short-sighted. If such men could bring themselves to think they knew less, I think they would farm far better.—[Ik Marvel.

☞ A renowned clergyman lately preached rather a long sermon from the text: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the parson stopped in his sermon, and said, "That is right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed pass out!" He continued his sermon at some length of time after that, but no one disturbed him by leaving.

☞ Bulwer thinks a man's nature is shown by the way he shakes hands; that he may have the manner of a Chesterfield, and smile very sweetly, but yet may chill or steel your heart against him the moment he shakes hands with you. But there is, he says, a cordial clasp which shows warmth of impulse, unhesitating truth, and even power of character—a clasp which recalls the classic truth, in the "faith of the right hand."

☞ The Bishop of Carlisle is credited with a joke. It is said that a young clergyman not far from Penrith, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his brethern, wrote the Bishop, inquiring, as he had already published the bans from his own pulpit, could he marry himself? His lordship made no long appeal to laws ecclesiastical, but at once capped the query with another: "Could you bury yourself?"

☞ Washington Irving's characteristic was quiet humor—mild enough, but quaint: as when he said to a gentleman who, in a thunderstorm, declined to take shelter under a tree, having promised to his father, who had been once hit, never to do so, "Oh, that makes all the difference in the world. If it is hereditary, and runs in the family, you are wise."

☞ Books in these days are generally like some kinds of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

THE MAID IN THE CALICO DRESS.

BY WILL S. HAYS.

It was in the theater, a few nights ago,
I went there to get observation, you know,
And the prettiest sight that I saw there I guess
Was a handsome young g'rl in a calico dress.

There were silks, aye! and satins, and muslin de laines,
There were poor, there were those who had worthier gains;
But if I were to choose for a wife, I confess
I'd take the fair maid in the calico dress.

As I sat in my seat and looked over the crowd,
I noticed some maidens, ah! true they were proud;
And I noticed not one had a heart in her breast
Half so true as the maid in the calico dress.

Oh, take away folly and fashion so gay,
For dress makes not woman, nor gorgeous array;
Then show me the girl with true heart in her breast,
Not ashamed to be seen in a calico dress.

A Ghost Story.

At a meeting of the Literary Club, at which Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and several other eminent characters of the day were present, it was observed that an old gentleman, who had never missed one of the meetings of the society, was that day absent. His absence was considered as the more extraordinary because he happened to be president that day. While the company were expressing their surprise at this circumstance, they saw their friend enter the room, wrapped in a long white gown, his countenance wan and much fallen. He sat down in his place, and when his friends wondered at his dress, he waved his hand, nodded to each separately, and disappeared from the room without speaking. The gentlemen, surprised at this circumstance, and determined to investigate it, called for the waiter, and asked whether anybody had been seen upon the staircase which led to the room where they were sitting. They were answered that no person had been seen either to enter the house or to mount the stairs, and that both the staircase and the entrance had been constantly filled with comers and goers. Not satisfied with this, they sent to the house of the gentleman whom they had just seen, to inquire whether he had been out. His residence happened to be very near the coffeehouse where they were, and their messenger immediately returned with the following melancholy intelligence: Their friend had died about ten minutes before, of a violent fever, which had confined him entirely to his bed for several days.

Some of the most eminent men of the club gave themselves great pains to discover the imposition which some thought had been practiced upon them; others firmly believed that their friend's ghost had actually appeared to them; and the latter opinion was confirmed by the total failure of all inquiries. All their efforts proved vain to remove the vail of mystery which hung over this transaction. At last they determined to remove the club to another part of the town, entering at the same time into an engagement never to reveal the circumstances which had occasioned the change. They wisely thought that such a story, supported by the evidence of such men as Johnson, Burke, &c., might do much mischief while the cause remained unexplained. Many years afterwards, as Mr. Burke was sitting at dinner with some friends at his own house, he was told that a poor old woman, who was dying in an obscure garret in the midst of the greatest wretchedness, had just said that she could not die in peace unless she could reveal a most important secret to Mr. Burke. This summons appeared so like a fraudulent means of extorting money, that Mr. Burke refused to go. In a short time, he received a second message still more pressing, and at the same time such an account was given of the extreme poverty and misery of the poor expiring object, that his compassion was excited, and he determined to go, in spite of the earnest entreaties of his friends, who still feared for his safety. They accordingly watched in the little obscure alley, saw him ascend the staircase which led to a garret, in which he was told that the poor woman was lying, and reminded him that succor was at hand.

Mr. Burke soon returned. He told his friends that he had found everything as it had been represented; that the old woman had died after telling him a very extraordinary circumstance, which had given him satisfaction; he then related all the former part of this story, and added that the dying woman confessed that she had been guilty of a neglect which had caused an unfortunate man his life. She said, upon her death-bed, that she was determined to make all the atonement in her power, confess her error, and had, therefore, requested his presence, knowing him to be the most intimate friend of the deceased. She said that some years before she was nurse to a gentleman who was ill of a dangerous fever, and named Mr. Burke's friend. She said that on a particular day—which she named—she was told by the physician that the crisis of the disease was that day to be expected, and that the ultimate issue of the malady would very much depend upon the patient's being kept perfectly quiet at that moment; which could only be done by incessant watching, as the delirium would probably run very high just before. In that case the physician directed that the patient should be forcibly detained in his bed, as the least cold would prove fatal. He, therefore, ordered the nurse not to leave the room on any account the whole of the day. The nurse added that in the afternoon of that day a neighbor had called upon her; that, seeing the gentleman perfectly quiet, she had ventured to leave his room for ten minutes; that when she returned, she found her patient gone. In a few minutes he returned and expired immediately; when she heard the inquiries made she was well aware what had given birth to them, but was at that time prevented by shame from confessing the truth.

—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powder or a gallon of bitter draughts; people are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic, who speaks in the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him, and you know not what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out sunny streaks on its pathway.

☞ The Honey Locust for hedges is attracting a good deal of attention. It makes a compact, pretty hedge, and is perfectly hardy, enduring the severest winters without injury. It will grow in almost any soil, and is very tenacious of life. It grows rapidly, requires but little care, making an impregnable fence.—[Prairie Farmer.

☞ A person passing through a village and observing upon a door, "Haswell, surgeon," remarked, "That gentleman's name would have been as well without the H."

☞ "Well, my boy, do you know what syntax means?" said a schoolmaster to the child of a teetotaler. "Yes, sir; the duty upon spirits."

☞ The Hazard powder company has built a church for its workmen—and blows 'em up if they don't attend.

☞ A speculating cashier of a New York firm is in limbo for swindling his employers out of $50,000.

☞ Every stock exchange in Europe quivered at the news of Louis Napoleon being cupped.

☞ Salaries in the New York custom-house are taxed four per cent, to aid "Abe" Lincoln.

[From the Leader.]

HOME TOPICS.

BREAKFAST.

Do you enjoy your breakfast, dear Leader? I do, and I have a theory that people are generally sinners—have possibly been guilty of some desperate crime—who do not?

The atmosphere of a house, as well as the appearance of its inmates, are more indicative of the state of the mental, moral and physical thermometer at breakfast time than any other part of the day. If one is fresh, bright and cheerful, and the other lively, active, neat and orderly, one may be sure that the moving spirit is one of refinement and intelligence.

It is worth while to watch the temper in which people approach the breakfast table, and gather from it a correct idea of their character and disposition. If they drag their lazy limbs and heavy eyes to a chair, and declare they have no appetite except for a cup of coffee, set them down at once as victims to late hours, late suppers, and either indolence or overwork, for the apparent effect of one is not unlike that of the other.

Beware, oh, young men, of girls who lounge into the breakfast room in an old jacket or dirty wrapper, without collar, or with a soiled one, and with hair tossed back uncombed into the inevitable net, half an hour after the breakfast bell has rung! Be very sure they are not the kind that will make good wives.

Beware, also, oh, young girls, of young men who always come to the breakfast table silent and out of sorts, who relish a bit of salt fish or a piece of toast with their chocolate or coffee, and take for an appetizer a seidlitz powder or a bottle of soda water! Be certain their habits are not those desirable in a husband or the father of a family.

The breakfast hour strikes the key-note for the day, and if it is out of tune, it shows that body or mind is disordered.

Of course, breakfast, to be pleasant, must be social; there is no enjoyment in solitary eating, and to be social the members of the household not only sit round the table, but each one must be ready to contribute to the quota of news, gossip and chit-chat. People do not live by bread alone, and the nice chop, the warm corn bread, rice cakes, and even the fragrant aroma of that peculiar nectar which custom has exclusively dedicated to the genius of the morning meal, are only the necessary adjuncts, the material portions, not the life and soul of a true and enjoyable breakfast.

Some men think a newspaper is indispensable at breakfast, and no matter how brightly the sun shines upon the neatly spread table, upon the nicely cooked food, and upon the pleasant faces of wife and children, the domestic bear will sit, the sheet wet with printer's ink spread out before him, and literally acting as a wet sheet upon all attempts at pleasant conversation from those around him.

Undoubtedly a morning paper is essential to the family belongings—women as well as men want to know all that is going on—but if it is brought to the breakfast table, it should be for the purpose of picking out items of news for the general benefit, and not to wrap ourself up in it, like President Lincoln in his military cloak, from motives of a purely selfish and personal character.

Abroad, a more ceremonial and at the same time more social character is attached to breakfast than with us. It is a meal to which artists, authors and persons of literary distinction are often invited by those enjoying wealth and high social position, because at this they can unbend, and, unlike the etiquette of great state dinners, can give themselves up to the pleasure and the enjoyment of the hour.

With us there is too much an air of hurry and *dishabille* about ordinary breakfasts to render their enjoyment perfect. The gentlemen are always in haste to go down town—the cook is generally behind time, and there is frequently an entire want of the careful superintending of the mistress of the family, so necessary to give the light finishing touches to the morning picture.

Absolute cleanliness, every speck removed from the hearth in winter, from the windows and mantlepieces in summer, a few flowers freshly arranged, some nice biscuit newly baked, a table cloth free from stain, and a bright table service, all tell the voiceless influence which reigns in the midst, and which is better felt than seen.

Women do not recognize the duty they owe to society in providing always, as far as lies in their power, a good and cheerful breakfast. Men are less liable to commit evil acts who take with them from their homes a pleasant memory of sweet faces, merry voices, duties regularly and conscientiously performed, and a satisfied stomach. A man is ready for anything—for treason, for stratagem, and for spoils—who has eaten his wretched, half-cooked morning meal in an untidy room, his children crying, his wife scolding, and the slip-shod kitchen maid bringing in lock after lock of her hair with the heavy griddle-cakes.

Cleanliness and attractive cookery, especially at the breakfast table, will do more for the cause of morality than sermons and jails, I think; don't you, dear Leader?

FASHIONS FOR GIRLS.

This is a very proper heading, now that girls have become the leaders of fashion in the place of their mammas. It is the girls who flourish in tailed coats, in festooned skirts, in the most coquettish of hats, the tiniest of mask vails, and ribbons enough to serve as streamers to a sloop of war on the 4th of July.

There is no objection to a little display of fashions or coquetry among young girls occasionally, but it is possible to overdo it and create an impression that they are good for nothing else, and that is just what our girls are doing now. In the interest excited by fashions abroad, they have lost sight entirely of some good old fashions at home, and a revival of these at the present time would be very apropos.

I can remember, for instance, when a fresh print dress, a linen collar, and a black silk apron were considered good enough for afternoon wear (most people dined at two o'clock then), and callers after that time would have found the daughters of a family attired in just such style, and busily engaged in making shirts, or executing some piece of extra fine needlework for their own benefit.

At this hour, now, our young ladies are taking their afternoon promenade in the most elaborate of street toilettes, the strip of spangled or chenille stretched across their faultless noses looking more like the badge of a disgraceful profession than the shield which modest women place between themselves and the impertinence of either the sun or mankind in the streets.

As for a suitable costume for house work and house wear, they have not got it. They have a quantity of soiled jackets, and bodices, and chamisettes, and bits of ribbon, and old gloves and imitation lace, and faded artificial flowers, but scarcely one neatly-made dress that will wash, and looks always fresh and clean.

If I were a young man, it seems to me that I should fall in love, at first sight, and with a young girl whom I found at home dressed in print, with black silk apron, linen collar, and engaged in some household employment. I should know that she would make a good conscientious wife.

As it is, call at any time during the day where there are young ladies, and, if they are at home, they will be lounging about untidily in a loose morning jacket, their hair thrust back in a net, or dressed up fancifully in the scarlet vest of an Italian brigand, or the Sunday bodice of a Swiss peasant girl.

The vest, the bodice, and the chemisette, moreover, are reproduced in all the degrees of flimsiness and dinginess, by the daughters of hard-working mechanics, by young women who sell us a piece of tape or a paper of needles, and by still others who wrest from their poor three, four and five dollars per week all that they can know of food, home, comfort and cleanliness.

I have no desire to start a crusade against scarlet jackets and peasant bodices; they are very pretty in their way, and afford an excellent opportunity for using up old silk shirts and the like. But they lose all their attraction when they are worn so constantly, and are made so common. Their place is among the light artillery which constitutes half evening costume and which greatly assist to make a family circle by gaslight picturesque and attractive.

There is one pretty young girl who is an exception to the general rule in New York. Her dress, the year round in daytime, at home, is of merino, French print, or muslin; a little neck-tie, of the same color as the ribbon which ornaments her hair, brightens her otherwise quiet but refined and modest appearance. "What a treasure of a wife she will make," is the thought that always suggests itself on seeing her.

Young men, by the way, need not send their cartes de visite or letters begging an introduction—my little violet is, unfortunately, about to be appropriated.

Sensible remarks are not often made in reference to fashions, but the Tribune had one the other day, in its "Opening," when it said that young girls dressed now-a-days altogether too much, and that the fancy hats for the present season are about as useless as they can well be made.

Round hats of any description are ill adapted to the severity of our rigorous climate, unless some covering can be added for the ears; but the little fantastic crowns, destitute of brim, which do duty under the name of hats at present, are as absurd as they well can be, and afford no more protection to the face than the head-dress of a stage-queen.

Mothers make a mistake in thus tricking their daughters out to catch husbands. It is only the very poorest kind gudgeons who are entrapped in such nets—to the wiser sort they serve rather as a warning and a signal of danger. Try the old fashions at home, and see if they will not work better.

Tobacco Culture.

In my previous article I promised to give the best method of topping and suckering, but a correspondent got ahead of me and gave the method in so clear and sensible a manner that I deemed it useless to do so, and will give instead a few selections from the most popular authors and men of experience in regard to securing and curing this most important staple, as, perhaps, upon this, more than any other process, depends the market value of the crop. On page 125 of Agricultural Report, for 1862, we find the following: "Much discernment and good judgment are necessary to determine when the crop is sufficiently mature for harvesting. When ripe it turns spotted, and the color of the lower leaves turn brown. It is essential that the plants be housed before the first frost. The whole crop will not be ripe at the same time, and it will be necessary to pass through the field, selecting such plants only as appear to be ripe. They are cut with a knife similar to that used for cutting corn-stalks and are laid upon the ground for a few hours to wilt, but must not long be exposed to a hot sun. They are then removed to the tobacco house and hung up by pegs driven into stalks by a mallet, about four inches from the largest end of the stalk, or by tying the stalk to poles which are laid on beams, or joists, as near to each other as possible and still permit a free circulation of air. If hung too close they are injured while in a green state. By some planters the drying is hastened by a gentle fire underneath, but generally reliance is placed on the air, which is freely admitted in dry weather but excluded in damp.

"Many planters think it best to commence the harvest when the majority of the plants are ripe, and then take them clean in the cutting. They think the scattering plants are more liable to injury from wind and rain. Good planters doubtless differ on many points in the culture of tobacco, and those who engage in the business must profit from their own observations and experience."

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Amos Gilbert, Assistant United States Assessor, was thrown from his buggy on account of his horse running away, not far from his residence, near Sandy Hook, Harford county, Maryland, on Wednesday, 12th inst., and very seriously injured, having his shoulder dislocated and one of his legs broken. What makes this accident peculiarly distressing is, that Mr. G. was a cripple previous to this sad affair.—[Belair American.

ANOTHER NOVELTY IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.—A London photographer has recently introduced a novelty in the mode of taking cartes-de-visite photographs with the signature of the sitters appended. This gives but little extra trouble. The sitter simply signs his name on a slip of paper, and finds its fac-simile, diminished in size, transferred to the portraits when they come home.

☞ "Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the boa-constrictor in a show, "why, the skin of the creature is of a regular tartan pattern." "It is, my dear," remarked her husband, "and that is what Shakespeare alluded to when he talked about a snake being 'scotched'."

☞ Mrs. Macaulay having published her "Loose Thoughts," Mr. Sheridan was asked whether he did not think it a strange title for a lady to choose. "By no means," replied he; "the sooner one gets rid of such thoughts the better."

☞ We once heard a woman of the world say, "the state of widowhood is inconvenient, for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance."

☞ A notice of a recent steamboat explosion ends as follows:

"The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for $15,000, and loaded with iron."

☞ A jockey, who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

☞ A feeble-looking waterman was recently summoned for doing "grievous damage" to the River Thames. In the course of evidence it was proved that he had twice attempted to pull up the stream.

☞ "Mother," said Ike Partington, "did you know that the 'iron-horse' has but one ear?" "One ear! merciful gracious, child, what do you mean?" "Why, the engineer, of course."

DISTINCTNESS OF PURPOSE.—A man must have a definite end in view, or his powers will fail; as do those of a magnet which is turned for a long time in the wrong direction.

☞ One fellow says when his stockings wear out he saws up the tops straight across and puts in his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square-toed boots.

☞ Strawberries are so called from a custom long ago prevalent in England of children stringing the berries on straws and selling so many strings for "a penny."

☞ A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Halloa! where are you going at this time of night? for no good, I'll warrant." "I was going for you, sir."

☞ A victim of sea-sickness describes his sensation thus: "The first hour I was afraid I should die; the second hour I was more afraid I shouldn't."

☞ Why are photographers like the men who go out with water-carts? Because the more *cartes* they have, the more *dust* is laid down.

☞ Nothing now *ails* the Democratic party—it has been drawn from the Wood.

Daily Democrat.

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—OFFICE—
South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

SUNDAY, OCT. 23, 1864.

CITY NEWS.

CITY.—We perambulated the streets yesterday as independent as a Yankee clock peddler in search of news that would be of some interest to our readers. The streets presented rather a business-like appearance, and the wharf looked somewhat livelier than usual. The military men were at a loss for something to do that would excite the public mind, but nothing transpired. The jail presented a sad appearance, for there was no one put into it of consequence, and the police seemed to be on the lookout for business. The hotels were full, the races were well attended, and both matinees were visited by large crowds of ladies and children. The weather was rather cool after the rain, which laid the dust and made walking very pleasant to pedestrians. Altogether the day passed off very quietly, and the night stole in and swallowed up the day, finding our goodly city still as a grave-yard.

BEWARE.—When the Confederate forces under Buckner took possession of the People's Bank of Kentucky, at Bowlinggreen, they captured a large amount of the bills of different denominations, but were not signed by the president and cashier. We were shown a two dollar bill yesterday which has been signed by some Confederate, inserting the name of H. P. Pendleton, President, and H. M Tufft, Cashier. The bill is issued from the genuine plates. The names are not those of the rightful officers, hence the bills are *worthless*. A large number of them have been put in circulation in this city, and there are very few persons who receive them even have a doubt that they are worth nothing.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS—*Saturday, Oct. 22.*—Joseph Shaffer, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; fined $5.

Edward Murphy, drunk and disorderly, and carrying concealed a deadly weapon; discharged.

John Morrissey, drunkenness and assaulting Dora Robinson; bail in $100 to answer.

Richard Rousseau, drunkenness and disorderly conduct; fined $5.

William Edmonson, drunk and disorderly; fined $3.

A number of peace warrants were disposed of.

REBEL PRISONERS.—The train due from Nashville this morning will bring up one hundred and ninety prisoners of war, including the following commissioned officers:

Capt James Taylor, co B, Thomas' North Carolina Legion.
Lieut John Crosswood, co G, 35th Miss inf.
Lieut Geo W Cannon, co G, 35th Miss inf.
Lieut Geo H Moore, co I, 39th Miss inf.
Lieut John H Dale, 3d co of Thomas' North Carolina Legion.
Lieut Thomas Fitch, co C, 24th Texas cav.
Lieut Allmon Gurner, co D, 43d Tenn cav.
Lieut Calvin Hunter, co E, 43d Tenn cav.
Lieut Alex H Peale, Gen Bate's escort.

MORTALITY.—Mr. Wash Wyatt, the well-known undertaker, furnishes the following report of the mortality in our city during the past week:

Eastern Cemetery	15
Western Cemetery	6
Cave Hill Cemetery	2
Total	23

Included in the above were a number of refugees.

BARRACKS NO. 1.—Yesterday the clerks were busy as usual at the barracks. Seventy-five convalescents arrived there from various points, and two hundred and twenty-six were sent to Nashville and nineteen to Lexington, Ky. Major Magruder and Adj't Morris are very popular among the soldiers arriving and departing daily.

DESERTERS.—During the past week quite a number of deserters have been caught and confined in Barracks No. 1 in this city, after which they are sent to their regiments. Yesterday eighteen arrived from Cincinnati and six from Cairo, Ill. They were all in irons, and will be conveyed to the front in the same fix.

PERMITS.—The following number of permits have been issued at headquarters during the week ending October 22d:

General	169
Shipping	414
Special	72
Ammunition	208
Total	853

NEW MUSIC.—W. W. Rossington has composed another beautiful ballad, entitled "Forget not him who dreams of thee," and Frank Wilder has written a fine song entitled the "Invalid corps," with an illustrated title-page. Both are for sale by Mr. D. P. Faulds, Main street.

☞ Miss Simpson, who had the Confederate uniform made, and Mr. Griffin, who made them, are still confined in prison. Mr. Griffin's establishment is closed. He will have to dispose of this suit before he can make another for his customers.

DIED.—A man named John Lamar, who was confined in the guard-house at Barracks No I, on the charge of being a guerrilla, died yesterday afternoon in the sick-room of typhoid fever. His remains will be decently buried.

RECRUITS.—New recruits from various points continue to arrive here daily, *en route* for the front. Yesterday one hundred arrived from Columbus, Ohio, two hundred from Indianapolis, and eighty-five from Wisconsin.

☞ There was very little business transacted in military circles yesterday. There is no news of any rebel force in large numbers in the State. The State is swarming, however, with guerrilla parties in small numbers.

☞ Allen Smith, Peter Lawson and Grey Fry went to the theater on Friday night; but, being deserters, they were not allowed to see the play over, so were taken to the barracks guard-house.

☞ A large lot of commissary stores was hauled to the Nashville depot yesterday for shipment over the railroad to the boys in the Army of the Cumberland.

PASSES.—Upwards of three hundred citizens' passes were issued during the past week to persons going down the railroads and on the river below this city.

CALVARY CHURCH.—Rev. W. A. Snively will conduct the services at Calvary Church, Third street, to-day, October 23, at 11 A. M. and half-past 7 P. M.

☞ About two thousand soldiers were entertained at the New Soldiers' Home, on the corner of Seventh and Main streets, yesterday and the day before.

OFFICERS.—Twelve officers registered their names on the arrival book at the office of the Provost Marshal yesterday.

☞ Jim St. Clair was arrested yesterday and sent to prison on the charge of dealing with the rebels.

☞ The gentlemanly messengers of Adams Express Company have our thanks for continued favors.

☞ There will be a gay lunch at the "Pearl" this morning at half-past ten o'clock.

☞ A sign on the levee the other day was made to read "*Oysters and Sow-leans*"

GUERRILLAS ON THE NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

Train Captured and Burned.

For several months past the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad has been infested with prowling bands of guerrillas, whose object is no doubt the capture of trains carrying Government freight to the front. The passenger trains have been allowed to run through without molestation, but within a short time more than one freight train has been captured.

The freight train which left here on Friday morning came to a sudden halt about nine miles below Bowlinggreen that night by being thrown from the track. The train had not more than jumped the track before it was boarded by a party of guerrillas, some seventeen in number. So sudden was the attack that the persons on the train were all easily made prisoners. After this was done the torch of the incendiary was applied, and in a short time the entire train, consisting of fourteen cars and two locomotives, was entirely destroyed.

Four of the cars burned were ladened with express freight, in transit by Adams Express Company. The other cars, ten in number, were loaded with miscellaneous freight, a great portion of which belonged to the Government. We were unable at the late hour last night to learn the amount of the loss or the names of the principal sufferers. Our informent was unable to state who had command of the squad that captured the train. The track for several hundred yards was torn up.

Owing to the destruction of the road and the burning wreck on the track, the passenger train, which was due from Nashville at 5 o'clock yesterday, did not arrive until after 11 o'clock last night. The road has been put in repair, and trains will hereafter run through as usual.

NEW YORK STORE.—One of the most popular and extensive wholesale and retail dry goods houses in the Western country is the New York Store, on Fourth street, between Main and Market. Every man, woman and child almost in the State knows where it is. The proprietors, Messrs. Barker, Middleton & Barrett, are popular and enterprising gentlemen, and the clerks are affable and accommodating young men, who take delight in waiting upon all who may pay the New York Store a visit. Mr. Stephen Barker, the New York member of the firm, has arrived, and, as will be seen by their advertisement, he will offer to-morrow a great variety of new goods, just brought on expressly for this market, embracing beautiful dress silks, elegant plaid and plain poplins, merinos, alpacas, mourning goods, in fact, everything in the dry goods line, from the cheapest cottons to the most costly and elegant silks and satins. Last week the store was continually crowded with ladies and gentlemen purchasing goods, &c., from morning to night, and, as the proprietors are determined to sell at extremely low rates for this week, we expect to see the house more crowded with purchasers than has ever been known in the history of the New York Store. Ladies, we invite your special attention to their advertisement in to-day's paper.

NEW YORK SOLDIERS.—The New York soldiers who are desirous of voting in this city will find tickets and envelops at the New York Military Agency office, 523, Sixth street, near Walnut, for both political parties, and will be furnished with every facility for voting and with many of the local tickets.

It is understood that *all* New York soldiers desirous of going *home* to vote will be furloughed in *due time* for that purpose. Those voting here will not expect to go home. Mr. Wm S Parkhurst, the State Sanitary Agent, is in the city, and has established his office on Sixth street, near Walnut, where he will take pleasure in giving any advice or information tending to the interests of sick, wounded, discharged or furloughed soldiers who may belong to New York regiments.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—Marriage licenses have been issued to the following persons by the clerk of the Jefferson County Court from the 15th to the 22d inst.:

Thomas Riley and Sarah Davis.
Jacob Pfeiffer and Anna Wigand.
Michael Launen and Anna Murphy.
Joseph Tyson and Eliza Williams.
Wm. Allen and Alice Lawrence.
Wm G. Mills and Mary M. Sanders.
Charles Kahn and Caroline Wollerstein.
Thos. G. Richards and Bettie Orterburn.
Samuel Wertheimer and Cordelia Leiber.
Charles K. Weil and Caroline Block.
Lewis A. Sherley and Laura Brannin.
John B. Porter and Susan Ann Rumage.
Charles Burkhart and Emma L. Gans.
Zitriach Schmidt and Cressence Velten.
Bernard Shifterling and Martha Hirschbuhl.
Thomas Flisk and Kate Cannon.
W. H. Starr and Hattie F. Merrick.
Henry J. Roroland and Maria Spotts.
John Auchduz and Dora Siep.

TRANSFER OF REAL ESTATE.—The following transfers of real estate were made in the city of Louisville and Jefferson county from the 19th to the 22d inst.:

Thomas A. Hurley to W. Francis, 36 by 170 feet on Broadway, between Preston and Jackson streets	$1,300 00
M. A. Donning to Herr & Ormsby, 28¾ by 204 feet on the corner of Main and Shelby streets	2,100 00
John H. Howell to M. A. Donning, 70 by 200 feet on College, between Brook and Floyd streets	9,450 00
Christian Mayflor to John J. Hauss, 25 by 187¾ feet on Breckinridge street, in Timberlake's subdivision	600 00
S. Wigginton to G. W. Apel, lot 6 in Jeffersontown, Jefferson county, Ky	700 00
E. M. McKinley to J. A. McClelland, 30 by 121 feet on Walnut, between Second and Third streets	3,000 00

COSMOPOLITAN.—One of the most popular and flourishing institutions in Louisville is the Cosmopolitan Gift Book Store, on Fourth street, near Main. They have laid upon our table a work entitled the "Power of Religion on the mind in retirement, affliction and at the approach of death." It is exemplified in the testimonies and experience of persons distinguished by their greatness, learning or virtue, and is from the pen of the distinguished grammarian, Lindley Murray. It, with all other excellent works, accompanied with a gift, can be had at the above store.

GOT LOOSE.—Yesterday morning, as the prisoners were being taken from the jail to the court-room, a young man gave the officers the *slip* and got away. The next time he gets in jail, we are told, he will not likely get away so easily.

☞ We would call the attention of drafted men to the advertisement of Provost Marshal Womack, to be found in another column. Those who have not yet been examined should not fail to attend.

SICK AND WOUNDED.—About six hundred sick and wounded soldiers arrived from the front during the past week. Most of them were sent over to the hospitals in Jeffersonville.

SHUT UP.—A bar room on the corner of First and Green streets was closed yesterday, and the liquors confiscated, for selling whisky to soldiers. The proprietor's name is Botto.

☞ A man named John Wise sold himself for a substitute and deserted some time ago. John was arrested yesterday and put in the guard-house.

CAMP CHASE.—Two hundred and forty-one rebel prisoners passed up Jefferson street yesterday. They were *en route* for Camp Chase, Ohio.

☞ Prof. Carl O. Edelman has returned from Dixie, and is engaged in giving instruction on the piano forte, &c., in this city.

☞ The Gorman who was presented to the Police Court for drunkenness, on Friday morning, is not Pat Gorman.

☞ Thirteen rebel officers take their departure for Johnson's Island from this city this afternoon.

EDWARDS' NEW BOOK.—We are in receipt of "Edwards' Louisville Directory," and a beautiful book it is. It contains about six hundred pages, is full of interesting and valuable information, and shows a large increase in the population and prosperity of Louisville. Considering the many difficulties which have stood in the way of collecting the necessary information for such a work, Mr. E has accomplished wonders, and presented a very full and accurate book. It will be received as evidence of his ability and determination to annually present our citizens with a Directory that will supply their wants and give entire satisfaction. The editor pays the following neat compliment to the members of the Board of Trade and others in the dedication of his first issue:

To the Business Men of Louisville, President, Directors and Members of the Board of Trade:

To you I dedicate this volume, and claim you as my patrons; it is you who have developed the great resources of this beautiful city; it is you have given it reputation abroad and prosperity at home; you have made it also famous for its hospitality, and the merchant, trader, traveler and stranger feel conscious when they enter the "Falls City" that there are warm hearts and friendly hands to welcome them.

To you, gentlemen, I respectfully dedicate my first annual Directory of the City of Louisville. RICHARD EDWARDS
GALT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, October 1, 1864.

☞ The following is a list of letters and descriptive rolls remaining in the Medical Director's office, Louisville, Kentucky, for the week ending October 22, 1864:

Abrey Lieut.,	Schwar Peter,
Huyck Wm ,	Trout Geo.,
Latimer Capt. Jas.,	Whitehouse S. W.,
Funston Adam,	Wert Wm. C.,
Shwarzer Franz,	Wardon M. C.,
Sims Wm A.,	Walls Lieut. A. J.,
Stoddard M. C.,	

DESCRIPTIVE ROLLS.

Anol Michael A.,	Murphy Andrew,
Allen Isa,	McCarty Thomas,
Boyer David F.	McCue Martin,
Buckingham J ,	Masman Howell,
Bremen Phillips,	Miller Jesse,
Betch Peter,	McManus John,
Bahr David,	Moses Richard,
Babcock T. M.,	McMillen Mathew,
Balleyer Thomas H ,	Miller Isaac (colored),
Bowman Simon (col'd),	Morman Henry,
Cachin Timothy,	Nelson Wm. R.,
Cavins William,	O'Keefe Dennis,
Fensel Soloman,	Oliver Geo. W.,
Forester William,	Plant Marcus S.,
Gurtland Pat'k,	Rudolph Adolph,
Hyde J. N.,	Randall F. D.,
Huddleston Samuel,	Roberts Calvin,
Heese Frederick,	Robinson Geo.,
Holeman Richard P.,	Rogers William,
King, Pat'k,	Scribner E. E.,
Keefe Thomas,	Sixaurs Earnest,
Kuntz Peter,	Sexton Eli,
Kuntz Jacob,	Smith Norman J ,
Lyons George,	Swerzer Franz,
Lawson Frederick,	Walrath William,
Lockey A.,	Wingert John,
Long Jacob,	Wiles Henry,
Mooney Jas.,	Willis Alfred P.

Amusements.

WOOD'S THEATER.—Miss Mary Mitchell closed the first week of her engagement at this popular place of amusement last night to a large and appreciative audience. To-morrow night she will appear as Zoe, in the drama of the "Octoroon, or Life in Louisiana."

LOUISVILLE THEATER.—Mr. Hackett closed a very successful engagement last night. To-morrow night the Webb Sisters will appear in "Fanchon, the Cricket," Miss Ada appearing as Fanchon and Miss Emma as old Fadette.

☞ A stray steer was turned a lot on First street, between Gray and Chestnut, on the 21st inst.

☞ Quite a number of men who have been drafted in different counties in this State have failed to report themselves since being notified. We learn that in Breckinridge, Meade, and a number of other counties, those who were unable to pay out or furnish substitutes have gone off with raiding parties or joined the rebel army rather than be forcibly made to fight. A large number of the their negroes have been taken from them and put in the army, or run off as substitutes and sold, whereby they can have no chance to buy or furnish a substitute for themselves.

THE SONS OF LIBERTY.—We learn that Wm. H. Harrison, Grand Secretary of the Sons of Liberty, has been released from imprisonment at Indianapolis, and will be used as a witness against the other prisoners now on trial before court martial. His disclosures, it is alleged, will be of an important character.

Mr. Birgham, editor of the State Sentinel, against whom no charge of a serious character is preferred, has also been released and is again at liberty.

GUERRILLAS ABANDON KENTUCKY RIVER.—The officers of the J. D. Hinde report that they saw no guerrillas on their last trip to Cincinnati. The Government authorities took possession of the boat at Frankfort, and placed a company of soldiers aboard, to capture any guerrillas that might show themselves. The boat was not allowed to receive or put off freight, and all persons going on board were placed in the cabin and taken to Carrollton.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—We understand that a shooting affray took place near the Charlestown road, about five miles from New Albany, Friday evening. The parties shot were Mr. Hammond, a pilot, and Mr. John J. McBride. The person who did the shooting was a negro, whose name we did not learn. The wounds are of a painful, though not serious character.

A BOY KILLED.—A boy about 13 or 14 years old, by the name of Keiss, employed in the Cooper cotton factory, of Dayton, Ohio, became entangled somehow in the belting of the machinery, while in rapid motion, and was instantly killed. He was shockingly mangled. The accident occurred during the forenoon of Thursday.

☞ A man named John O'Neal, about half-past four o'clock Friday afternoon, was caught between one of the cars on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati railroad and the depot, at Cincinnati, and crushed to death. The deceased was a native of Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, and about fifty years of age.

NATIONAL BANK AT COVINGTON.—At a meeting of some of the capitalists of Covington, held on Thursday night at the office of the U. S. Collector, steps were taken toward organizing a National Bank. We understand that one-half the stock ($50,000) was subscribed for by those present.

☞ The Windsor (Canada) papers publish a list of letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice in that town, which number over eight hundred—nearly as great as the entire population of the village. These are almost altogether letters to skedaddlers from their friends in the United States.

☞ Seven rebels were captured last week in Rowan county by Home Guards, and taken to Maysville on Sunday. Two of them, named Stout, brothers, and Carr and Nelson are from Lewis county. Thos. Hunt, Long and Prather are from Mason, and Goddard is from Fleming.

BOYLE COUNTY "O. K."—We learn that up to the 1st day of October last Boyle county had an excess of two hundred and seventy-eight over the last call for 500,000! It was estimated that this number was sufficient to cover at least two calls "for 500,000 more!"

REBEL BUSHWHACKERS CAPTURED.—The Provost Marshal of Carroll county, Ky., captured three rebel bushwhackers, who are supposed to belong to Jesse's gang. Their names are Wm. Darbro, Nick Adams and Daniel Johnson.

☞ Captain Read, of the Tacony, who made such a fuss among the fishermen last year, and stole the Caleb Cushing from Portland harbor, has been exchanged, and he is now in Dixie.

PERSONAL.—Gen. Hobson, who returned with the expedition, after the repulse near Abington, to Mount Sterling, is in the city and looking well.

☞ A paymaster was captured in the Shenandoah Valley, on Thursday, with one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Selected and prepared for the Sunday Democrat, BY "SYAH."

A LADY'S AGE.

If you don't wish to raise a storm,
That all the powers of tongue can wage,
Whose fury time can scarce abate,
Don't ask a single lady's age.

'Tis said that woman cannot keep
A secret lock'd within her breast;
But just drop in and ask her age,
And on that point you'll be at rest.

She thinks you have no right to know,
As long as she is fresh and fair;
And that 'tis impudent to ask,
Or for a moment seem to care.

Then do not ask a lady's age;
She'll think you positively green,
If you don't know that single ones
Can never get beyond eighteen.

—A young man who pays his sweetheart a visit may be said to be like a tree—when he leaves.

—The young chap who had the old scratch in his head has bought a comb to put a stop to it.

—Returned soldiers are said to be sent to the front. Not so; they go to the rear, for the army isn't coming this way.

—The old gentleman who advertised "girl wanted," found one in a basket on his door-step next morning.

—What's the difference between a stump in a wagon and a wag on a stump?

—Is a sure horse a horse shoer?

—A young lady was arrested for picking a lock of hair.

—Hood has got Sherman where he wants him—in his rear.

—The young lady that was *missed* the other day hasn't been found yet.

—The Federals who went into Western Virginia caught Jessie—not the guerrilla.

—A pretty young lady stepped into the New York Store and asked one of the busy clerks, "Are you engaged at present, sir." The clerk's eyes turned inside out, and he rolled under the counter. The lady is in a lunatic asylum.

—"Hello, Pete, I hear's you in de second-hand business."

"Yes, Isaac, I'se married *agin*."

—The chap who wished to know "what's in a name," found out when a fellow took an aim at his nose and hit it.

—Sunday is the strongest day; all the balances are week ones,

—A man wishes he was a child. A child wishes he was a man.

—The chap who ate a tuff steak said "it was bully."

—Gum-elastic balls have been invented for our army. They hit the rebels and bounce back again.

—Postmaster Speed ought to employ handsome young ladies in the office. The mails would be more regular in their arrivals.

—The young lady who kept her word has found it useful.

—If you'd ask your sweetheart what letter of the alphabet she liked best, she would respond, "I like U best."

—The only regard the rebels have for the Federals is Bean-re-gard.

—What's the difference between passing the sasser and sassing the passer?

—The chap who was in low spirits found his bottle nearly empty.

—Don't blame a handsome young man for getting drunk, because he "smiles" every time a pretty young lady looks at him.

—If you'd have a young lady to have a present, give her that which no other can get—yourself—(if she accepts.)

—If a young lady tells you to take your lips away from hers, do so, by putting them there first.

—If a young lady *dares* you to kiss her, don't do it—she'll feel sorry for it afterwards.

AN EPITAPH.

Here lies the bones of Betsey Jones,
Who lied when she was ill.
She lied when well—her husband lies—
But Betsey's lying still.

—"Good mornin', widdy Murphy."
"Och! I've a terrible boil."
"Upon yer sowl?"
"No, honey, upon my neck."

—"Whisper what thou feelest," as the gentleman said when he caught a thief with his hand in his pocket.

When first I married Nancy Ann,
I thought of nothing sweeter;
And when I kissed her, oh, I felt
As if I'd like to eat her.
But since that time, how dear she is—
She's cross—gets awful mad;
I used to think I'd eat her up,
And now *I wish I had!*

—"Hot and cold"—warming a bad boy's jacket in an ice house.

—"I fondly love thee still," as the toper said to his scolding wife.

—A boarding-house keeper advertises "board for two gentlemen with gas."

—If a young man asks you in a bar room, "what'll you take?" take our advice—"take out."

—Some chap shouted out in the procession of the Feejee Islanders, on Saturday week, "Hurrah for old Jackson," when he fell out of a wagon and was run over. Perhaps it was the spirit of old Jackson knocked him out for using his name on that occasion.

—The gentleman who made us a present of a cap the other day was Green.

—"Jim, how did your master get out of prison so soon?"

"Dunno, sir, less'n he took d'am-nasty oat".

Rules of A. Ward's Show.

"Artemus Ward" is now traveling with a panorama of *Mormon* scenes which he explains in his lecture. The programme of the exhibition contains the following "Rules of the House:"

"I.—Artemus Ward is compelled to charge one dollar for reserved seats, because oats, which two years ago cost 30 cents per bushel, now cost $1.00; hay is also $1 75 per cwt., formerly 50 cents.

"II.—Persons who think they will enjoy themselves more by leaving the hall early in the evening are requested to do so with as little noise as possible.

"III.—Children in arms not admitted if the arms are loaded.

"IV.—Children under one year of age not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians.

"V.—If any usher employed in the Hall should assault the audience, he will be reprimanded. If the same conduct be frequently repeated, he will be discharged without a certificate of character.

"VI.—Ladies and gentlemen will please report any negligence or disobedience on the part of the lecturer.

"VII.—Artemus Ward will not be responsible for any money, jewelry, or other valuables left with him—to be returned in a week or so.

"VIII.—The manager will not be responsible for any debts of his own contracting.

"IX.—If the audience do not leave the Hall when the entertainment is over, they will be put out by the police."

☞ Four or five of Bill Steele's men were in Henderson, Ky., on Wednesday, having a high old time. Several of Col. Johnson's men, now under command of the rebel General Lyon, were also in that city. All behaved themselves, and did not act like the plundering bushwhackers who have several times made their visits severe visitations.

☞ The stage from Virginia City to Salt Lake City was recently stopped by highwaymen and its four passengers robbed of $23,700 in gold dust. The robbers afterwards returned five or six hundred dollars to their victims, to enable them to pay their traveling expenses, took a drink with them, and then vanished.

☞ Many active officials are notable for a double propensity to turn private business into public, and public business into private.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY TRUSTIE HOPE.

Mystic voices round me ling'ring,
With their sweetest notes of love;
And *thy* spirit close is hov'ring,
Like a kind and gentle dove.

On my head a hand is lying,
Full of blessings from on high;
Soft and low my heart, replying,
Answers to each tender sigh.

'Round my hand is gently clasping
Taper fingers long and fair;
Firm, but loving, they are grasping
Mine, with lovers' gentle care.

'Round me now an arm is stealing,
And fond lips on mine you press!
Heart to heart each hope revealing,
Holy vows our lives to bless.

Moments fast away are flying,
And the darkling night is here;
Still my heart to yours keeps crying,
Let us banish every fear.

Be the future dark or gloomy,
Have we not our love so true?
Be the weather fair or cloudy,
In our hearts the skies keep blue.

Darling, when the days are creeping
Slowly on with change and time,
When our harvest we'll be reaping
For that holy, brighter clime;

Will you love me in the gleaming,
With this constant, perfect truth?
When the darkling night is coming,
Will you love me as in youth?

October 18, 1864.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

HOTELS AND HOTEL LIFE.

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

The tavern is quite an institution—an old institution around which, in years that are gone, used to linger some idea of hospitality. Money was not, as now, the sole good—while honest Boniface was glad to see the traveler rein his steed in front of his door, and rubbed his hands in anticipation of the siller in the morning. He mingled with his love of gold some real feeling of gladness at the presence of a fellow whom he knew how to make happy for the night. Poets have done honor to mine host, and the tavern house has been immortalized by the painter. But this was long ago—there are no taverns now, but hotels and houses abound throughout the land. The kindly landlord has given place to the lordly proprietor, and alas! alas! hospitality has given place to greed—mere money-getting.

There is a good deal of comfort in making money, and a good many modes by which the thing is accomplished. When it comes fairly into one's pocket, we really believe all one's neighbors rejoice at the good fortune. It is that much added, not only to the material prosperity of the section, but in good measure also to the absolute happiness of that neck of the woods; but when by chicane—by roundabout and underhand practices—by any conceivable sort of fraud, the same end is attained, is anybody glad? No, I reckon not. There is a something at the bottom of human nature, and most men have a good deal of *that*, which prompts it to revolt, disgusted at all possible fraud. I have no doubt there is a large amount of fraud, of which the world takes no cognizance. The world don't see it, and of course don't frown; but let it be exposed, and the thunder is pretty apt to roll over the head of that doomed fellow. If he isn't blasted by the first flash, he is ever after in dread of the next, and the next, and the next forever. Would you like to stand in his shoes, money and all? Under an older dispensation, when people were esteemed for whatever respectability they possessed, before shoddy came up and common decency went under, the tavern was a home and the landlord your friend; but under the hotel system, with its lordly proprietor, people have lost their old reckoning, and to their utter astonishment find every day that 2 and 2 don't any longer make 4, but ends in some singularly fabulous number, which puzzles and perplexes all those who are accustomed to any written or traditional system of figures. The traveler who gets up in the morning and goes to the "office" with the expectation of paying any such bill as he had cyphered up over night, will find himself just as much mistaken as if he had swallowed a glass of *eau de vie*, thinking it was the Water of Life. It cuts him right in two, and so does the bill; not that the proprietor is dishonest—of course not. It's only the difference between a tavern and a hotel—between your old ideas of two and two being four, and his improved mode by which it becomes five or six. Stay for a month at $100 by contract, and in thirty days your bill is $115, and perhaps $125. In your ignorance of what constitutes board, you had supposed they would furnish you fire, but they don't do any such thing, the unimportant item of fire costing you fifty cents a day. Sure you can't consume thirty cents' worth of coal, but the hotel must be paid for making it burn. If your "House" has two hundred rooms, each room pays the extra twenty cents; *because* the *fireman* has to be paid, and at this rate of twenty cents to the room for one hundred and eighty days, the two hundred rooms give $7,200, which is about as liberal wages as any two firemen in *this country* ought to ask for. I am told that they do not get any such sum, but this is their own fault; for the guests pay the money, and everybody knows the proprietors are honorable men.

If you should be disposed, during your sojourn at the "House," to take a country jaunt for a week, the proprietor never knows that you are gone, and your bill comes in as usual, fire and all. Should you be weak enough to remonstrate, you learn that it is not "my business to keep an account of your going and coming;" but if some friend should drop in and dine at your table, it somehow or other instantly becomes the business of the House to keep an eye on his coming and going, and your bill proves it to you. You thought you were paying for a month's living and were entitled to thirty dinners; but you only had twenty, and were compelled to pay for your friend's also. Nothing wrong in *that*, because mine host is an honorable man.

Your House provides you liberally with the fruits of the earth, and you are entitled to a bunch of grapes and an apple; but the inexorable Persian who presides over the dinner fixings, utterly regardless of the capacity or wants of your stomach, demands that you eat your grapes and apple *at the table*. An apple or a bunch of raisins in your hand outside the dining-room finds itself at the end of the month in your bill, under the head of extras. Anything wrong in that? Nothing in the world, *because* mine host is an honorable man. I know they are honorable men, because I have received many kindnesses from them. True, I paid pretty liberally for it, but then a man can't always get kindness, even when willing to pay for it.

It doesn't take long for a man to show his kindness, if there is any such thing in him. For instance, I have heard of a proprietor saying to his guest who was comfortably quartered: "I can get a hundred per cent. for your quarters, but if you will advance thirty or forty, you can stay just as long as you please;" or until I want another advance of thirty per cent. Now ain't that kind? It is the real milk itself. This proprietor some day finds himself unexpectedly in the courthouse, and calls upon the lawyer thus forced up by thirty per cent. to help him out. In the proverbial kindness of the lawyer's heart he says: "I can get a hundred per cent. more than you propose, and as I have the underholts, and you can't get any other help, you must pay liberally; for, owing to the enhanced price of living (which enhanced price has not been discovered by most men), I am compelled to charge you all I can get." This little item of enhanced prices bears upon the very men who make your fires as well as upon yourselves, gentlemen. Suppose you set a good example by giving them the price which you charge your guests for *making fires*—not for the coal consumed (you are entitled to pay for that); but give the extra twenty cents a day for each fire, or the $7,200 for your entire house for six months. Why not?

The little inconsiderable sums of a dollar or two, which is paid by each of the two hundred guests stopping at your or our "House," day by day, amounts to very little—nothing more than $300 or $800 per day, and is on a par with the grain of sand in the grocer's sugar, or the drop of water in the dairyman's milk—all part and parcel of the trade—no shadow of overcharge in it.

If four gentlemen are crowded into the same room with one fire, and each one finds his bill taxed with the inevitable fifty cents, ain't it all right? didn't he have a fire? and didn't the proprietor rack his brain for your convenience in trying how many of his friends he could squeeze into ten feet square? and oughtn't he to have two dollars for his ingenuity and his sleeping efforts in your behalf?

These are some of the impressions left upon us during our summer ups and downs. There are no doubt many directions travelers may take and not meet just such experiences; and we happen to know that people from everywhere who pass through our city find polite and attentive gentlemen, good eating and sleeping—in all senses, indeed, a real tavern of the old style, except in the way of pay, which, owing to the enhanced price of living, has somewhat gone up; yes, a man's living goes up here right smartly.

Very few towns or cities have such hotels as our own Louisville. Where will you find a more energetic *Miller*, and doesn't the *Bell* which allures the traveler to that point ring with a clear sound? Then, a little further down street we have a house in which I *Judge* there is no *Stealing* done, though there is a *Kean* proprietor in it. *He* knows how to keep a hotel. Then we have "National" houses, and when we say national we include the "United States" in *toto;* and yet, owing to the enhanced price of living, living has gone up till Hamlet stares us in the face with "to live or not to live."

THE HOSPITAL GARDENS.—There have been gathered from the gardens at Chattanooga during the month of September the following vegetables: 3,935 dozen of corn, squashes, melons, cabbage, &c., and 440 bushels of potatoes, tomatoes, beans, &c.

Mr. Wills, the gardener in charge, writes that "the crops are doing finely. With good weather we shall have a large quantity of tomatoes, Lima beans, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, radishes, turnips, &c. Our entire issues up to this date (Sept. 24), have been 6,583 bushels and 13,907 dozens of some twenty-one varieties of vegetables, and 1,140 pockets of flower-seeds."

From the garden at Knoxville during the month of September there have been issued 276 bushels of tomatoes, 264 bushels of beans, 7,347 dozen of cucumbers, mostly pickles, and 1,927 heads of cabbage.

THE SURRENDER OF DALTON.—We learn that a dispatch was received in Chattanooga, from Nashville, stating that Major General Thomas, on learning of the efforts of Colonel Johnson, Forty-fourth colored, to secure terms from Hood, acquits him of mismanagement in the surrender of the post.

☞ The San Francisco Alta disposes of a story lately in circulation about Gen. Hooker in the following decisive manner: "1st. Gen. Hooker's wife was not rich when he married her, nor at any other time. 2d. Gen. Hooker's wife was not a Mexican. 3d. Gen. Hooker's wife is not dead. 4th. Gen. Hooker never had a wife. 5th. Gen. Hooker is not a Crœsus, never was, and never will be."

☞ Jeremiah H. Ellsworth, of Avon, Me., committed suicide by hanging a few days since. He was well off, but had lately made a poor trade in swapping farms, which is supposed to be the cause of the fatal deed.

LOCAL NOTICES.

☞ The Marshal of the Louisville Chancery Court will sell to-morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, at the courthouse doors, a house and lot 20 feet front by 200 feet deep, on the west side of Ninth, between Grayson and Walnut street; a house and lot 40 feet front by 100 feet deep, on the southwest corner of Fulton and Preston streets; a lot 35 feet front by 190 feet deep, on the south side of Jacob, between Floyd and Preston streets; a lot 96 feet front by 189 feet deep, on Adams street, in Butchertown; a lot 105 feet front by 158½ deep, on Oak street, west of Seventh street.

Wholesale Millinery Goods at Reduced Prices, at 516 Main street, Up Stairs.

The very large business that Otis & Co., have done during the past three weeks is the best evidence of the assortment they keep on hand and the prices they sell at.

The invoices they received yesterday of goods to arrive to-morrow morning will more than replenish their stock, and the prices they can afford to sell them at cannot fail to please those looking for good value.

☞ White French china, stone china, gold band china and glassware—a full assortment on hand at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main, all of which are marked at low figures. Call and look.

TOYS! TOYS!—A large assortment, at wholesale and retail prices, at Gay's China Palace, Fourth and Green. oc23 d3

SILVER-PLATED WARE.—A fine lot at low figures at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main.

☞ Any person in need of a French china or silver-plated tea set cannot fail to be suited with the assortment at Gay's China Palace, Fourth and Green. oc23 d2

GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA SETS.—A splendid assortment at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main.

FANCY GOODS.—A large and complete assortment of all styles are at Gay's China Palace, Fourth and Green. oc23 d2

TABLE CUTLERY.—A fine assortment at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main.

☞ A complete stock of French and stone chinaware, glassware, silver-plated ware, table cutlery and lamps is at Gay's China Palace, Fourth and Green. oc23 d2

BRUSHES.—Counter, hearth, window, stair and dust brushes. A full assortment at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main.

BRITANNIA WARE.—A splendid lot has just arrived at Gay's China Palace, Fourth and Green. oc23 d2

BRITANNIA WARE.—A large assortment at the Central House-Furnishing Emporium, 213 east side Fourth street, near Main.

DYSPEPSY, NERVOUSNESS AND DEBILITY—DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC.—We can recommend those suffering with loss of appetite, indigestion or dyspepsy, nervousness and nervous debility, to use Strickland's Tonic. It is a vegetable preparation, free from alcoholic liquors. It strengthens the whole nervous system; it creates a good appetite, and is warranted to cure dyspepsy and nervous debility. For sale by druggists generally at $1 per bottle. Prepared by Dr. A. Strickland, 6 East Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.
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DIED.

On the morning of the 22d inst., at 10 o'clock, Mrs. ELIZA TALBOTT, in her 8th year.

The friends of the family are invited to attend her funeral from the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. W. A Hundley, on Jefferson street, this (Sunday) afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

HEADQUARTERS PROVOST MARSHAL,
FIFTH CONGRESSIONAL DIST, KENTUCKY,
LOUISVILLE, KY., Oct. 22th, 1864.

ALL PERSONS DRAFTED IN JEFFERSON COUNty and city of Louisville who have not been examined by the Board of Enrollment, will present themselves on Monday and Tuesday, the 24th and 25th inst., the Board being in session for these particular cases.
GEORGE W. WOMACK.
oc23 d2&d3 Pro. M. 5th, & Pres't Board of Enrollment.

NEW DRY GOODS.

On Monday, Oct. 24th,

WE SHALL OPEN A GREAT VARIETY OF

NEW GOODS

Embracing in part

Beautiful Dress Silks;
Splendid Plaid Poplins;
Elegant Plain Poplins;
English and French Merinos;
Empress Cloths and Alpacas;
All-wool and Cotton Delaines;
Mourning Goods in great variety;
Cotton, Woolen and Balmoral Hosiery;
Gloves, Scarfs and Underwear.

We shall for this week continue to sell our great variety of

PRINTS AND DELAINES

At Last Week's Low Prices.

We shall also sell our large stock of

Linens,
Cottons,
Cloaks,
Shawls,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Jeans,
Linseys,
Prints,
&c.,

AT UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.

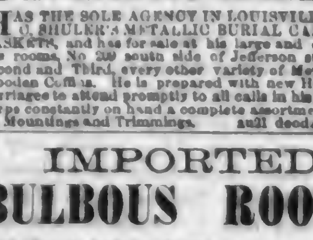
Velvet and Cloth Cloaks made to Order.

S. BARKER & CO.,
oc23 S1&d3 No. 317 Fourth street.

1864. NEW 1864.
FALL AND WINTER
DRY GOODS.

D. C. TABB
Market and Fourth Streets,
Is now opening his stock of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
COMPRISING
Rich Plaid Poplins;
Rich Plaid Merinos;
Rich Plaid Cloakings;
Plain Poplins and Velours;
Plain Delaines and Merinos;
French Chintzes;
Real Manchester Ginghams;
Ballardvale Flannels;
4-4 and 10-4 Shaker Flannels;
French Shirting Flannels;
Irish Linen and Bird Eye;
Table Linens and Towelings;
4-4, 8-4 and 16-4 Heavy Shawls;
Ladies' and Misses' Balmorals.
Ladies' and Misses' Hosiery;
Plaid Linsey and Jeans;
Merino Underwear, all sizes.
W. TURNER, Agent.
oc8 d3a.Su&We3m

PEARSON'S NEW COFFIN WAREROOMS.



L. D. PEARSON,
UNDERTAKER

HAS THE SOLE AGENCY IN LOUISVILLE FOR O. SHULER'S METALLIC BURIAL CASES AND CASKETS, and has for sale at his large and commodious rooms, No 209 south side of Jefferson street, bet. Second and Third, every other variety of Metallic and Wooden Coffins. He is prepared with new Hearse and Carriages to attend promptly to all calls in his line. He keeps constantly on hand a complete assortment of Coffin Mountings and Trimmings. au21 deod&S&wt1y

IMPORTED
BULBOUS ROOTS.

WE HAVE NOW IN STORE—

CROWN IMPERIALS,	various colors;	
HYACINTHS,	do	do;
TULIPS,	do	do;
CROCUS,	do	do;
LILLIUM,	do	do;
SNOW-DROP,	do	do;
NARCISSUS,	do	do;
IRIS,	do	do;

And a good assortment of HYACINTH GLASSES.
☞ Orders by mail filled promptly.
PITKIN, WIARD & CO.
oc11d&S1m

W. L. MURPHY,
East side Third Street, near Main,
Wholesale and retail dealer in the best quality of
PITTSBURG COAL.
ORDERS BY RAILROAD AND COUNTRY WAGons solicited. oc9 S&dtf

Notice.

TAKEN FROM THE BALL GIVEN BY MR. SCOTT, at the Masonic Temple, on Thursday night, a light drab colored CLOAK, braided with black. The person that took it was recognized by persons there, and if not left at J. Doyle's, on Fifth and Green streets, or at the Democrat office, will have trouble. oc23 S1&d2*

For Clarksville and Nashville.

PHANTOM..............C. S. Irwin, master,
Will leave as above this day, the 23d inst., at 12 M., from the city wharf. For freight only apply on board, or to
oc23 H. J. CAFFREY, Agent, 137 Wall st.

Boarding.

A LARGE UNFURNISHED ROOM AND BOARD can be had by immediate application. Also, a few single gentlemen can be accommodated with good board by applying on the east side of Tenth street, bet. Market and Jefferson. oc13 d12&S3

MRS. S. YOUNG

HAS REMOVED TO JEFFERSON STREET, THIRD door above Second street, south side. She will be glad to see her old friends and customers at her new stand oc20 d10&S3*

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

Is This the Land of Washington?

BY J. Q. A. WOOD.

Is this the land of Washington,
For which our patriot fathers bled,
Whose mighty strides to freedom shook
The Continent beneath their tread?
Is this the land of Knox and Green,
Of Marion, Stark and mighty Wayne,
Who hurled the despot from our shores,
And dashed to earth his galling chain?
Were these *our* sires—are *we* the sons
Of men whose form hath filled the earth,
And have we dwarfed and dwindled thus,
To mock the majesty of birth?
Arise, ye heroes of the past,
Where mould your bones by many a steep,
Behold the sons that heir your fame—
Behold your progeny and weep!
Were *such* with old Laconia's son,*
The men who fought at Bennington?

Is this the land of Washington,
That warmed a patriot's sanguine dreams,
Where Liberty made bright her shield,
And nursed her eaglets in its gleams?
Where Bunker Hill and Monmouth field,
Shot terror to the oppressor's soul,
And wrote with many a dying pen
Their protests on a bloody scroll?
And shall *home-born* oppression spurn
These creeds to alien tyrants taught,
And Freedom's beauteous limbs enthrall,
Or bind the lightning of her thought?
Shall her unwilling hands be made
To forge the insignia of her shame;
Her tongue to speak—her pen to write
A flaming falsehood on her fame?
Say, ye who stood on Trenton's hight,
Shall *thus* Columbia's freemen write?

No! never! while one spark remains
Unquenched of freedom's altar fires,
That still may shoot aloft in flames,
Fanned by the memory of our sires;
No! not till every patriot's blood
Is poured upon the sword to rust,
And Liberty, without her shield,
Trails her bright garments in the dust;
Not till the mother fails to teach
Her offspring with a zeal divine
The *freeman's rights*, baptized in blood,
At Bunker Hill and Brandywine;
And not till this, and not till then,
Shall down that black and shameful hour
That dooms the patriot's tongue and pen
To bide the weight of bigot power,
And there, to shame our father's graves,
We shall deserve the brand of slaves.

* *Laconia's Son.*—In the early days of its discovery and settlement, New Hampshire was called Laconia. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that at the famous battle or *battles* (for there were *two* of them fought on the same day and on the same field at Bennington), General Stark, of New Hampshire, commanded.

OWENSBORO, KY., 1846.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

THEN AND NOW.

A long time ago a great big, pussy chap, named John Bull, sent a lot of red coated chaps across the pond in a lot of tubs for the purpose of taking a little piece of land away from a gentleman named Sam—more familiarly know as Uncle Sam. Their intentions were to plant Uncle Sam's property full of onions and Irish potatoes, and, besides, it would be nice hunting grounds for the sports of "hold Hingland." Uncle Sam, about this time, had put up a shanty on the Potomac, and was living peaceably in it with an only daughter, who was a young and beautiful girl. Uncle Sam had a neighbor named Washington, and, when he heard that the red-coats were about to seize his property, he went over and consulted Washington, saying "he believed he could kinder clean them fellers out," to which his neighbor replied: "We can try, you know." So Washington called all the boys together for miles around and told them of the movement, and several days afterward the camp of Washington and his farmer boys presented a military and war-like appearance, situated at no great distance from Uncle Sam's cabin. The aforesaid Uncle Sam was a widower, and had but one child—a young and beautiful girl—as perfect in form as the mother of us all. She was fond of birds; but, of all, she petted the eagle most, and she was always partial to gay colors, and was considered the best sewing girl in all the country for miles around. Her father was more noted for whittling and whistling. The old man was sitting in his room one day whittling a pine stick with a Barlow knife and whistling Yankee Doodle, when his daughter entered and commenced ripping a striped linsey dress with a pair of scissors, after which she sewed the red and white stripes together; but there was a patch wanting in one corner of the piece. So she took the blue curtain off her own bonnet, sewed a lot of stars upon it, and then sewed that to the corner of the stripes, after which she formed it into an almost square, and hemmed it all around. Old Uncle Sammy thought he was going to sleep under something nice that night, but he was disappointed. Washington was a young man then, and he loved this girl, while she loved him in return, and she thought to see him once more and make him a present before he started in pursuit of the red-coats. On the morning that they were to march, the girl went out in the yard, caught the eagle, wrapped it up gently in the folds of her work, and started with it for the camp, which she reached after a short journey. She found Washington grinding the rust off an old sword in the midst of a crowd of farmers' boys, who were "eager for the fray." George turned around and welcomed her with a smile and hearty shake of the hand. She handed him the bundle, saying: "Here, George, take this and put it on a stick, that the red-coats can see where our boys are always to be found." They unrolled it for inspection, when, to their surprise, the eagle flapped his wings and mounted the skies high above them. "Liberty!" said he, as he pointed to the American eagle; and he imprinted a parting kiss upon the young goddess, who hastened home to tell her father that George—had kissed her. The men christened the flag the Star-spangled Banner, and an hour afterwards they were on the march toward the tub fleet, that was alive with red-coats who had come to invade Uncle Sam's dominions. However, it was not long before what remained of John Bull's covies, with their fingers in their mouths, went home, whipped by Geo. Washington and his plow-boys, and half scared to death by a young lady's petticoat. After the fuss was over a lot of the citizens and soldiers of that day got together and wrote out a set of laws called the Declaration of Independence—John Hancock and others. Then came the Constitution, by which folks could know how to get along happily and peaceably together thereafter, which they obeyed to the letter until a few years ago, when folks got so aristocratic that they had no use for either of the documents.

Uncle Sam began to grow proud on his daughter's account. So he tore down the old cabin and built him a large new one, naming it after his neighbor, Washington. It was a white stone house, and is called the White House to this day. He used to have old-fashioned gatherings in his new mansion, and his daughter was admired by all who knew her. There wasn't a man in it that would not fight in a minute, if an injury or insult was offered to Uncle Sam or his beautiful daughter. Those were happy days. Years have rolled by since then. Washington and all his men now sleep the sleep that knows no waking; but their names live forever in the hearts of all true countrymen. They left their country to the care of those who thought to "rule or ruin" was their charge, and, oh! what a sad, sad picture of reality presents itself to-day.

A little over three years ago, a lean rail-splitting chap, named Lincoln, sprung up in Illinois, and was seen a few days afterwards sneaking through Baltimore, attired in an honest Scotchman's suit, and making lightning time in the direction of Uncle Sam's residence. The South shouted "look out for your spoons." But on he went, jumped over the back fence, went up stairs, kicked Jimmy Buchanan out of the chair and sat down in it himself. Uncle Sam didn't like such conduct in his own house, when he was ordered to be taken out and gagged, and his daughter was put out of her own father's house. In a few days the Abolitionists were as thick around the White House as lice on a calf's hide, and, because they laughed at Old Abe's jokes, they each got an office for it. He "had the cow by the horns now," and was determined to have his own way. He took the Constitution of the United States, and the Declaration of Independence, both lawful deeds of property and lives handed down to *the people* (not him) by the father of his country—George Washington—to a people that were proud then but humble now; trampled those sacred documents beneath his huge feet, bidding defiance to God and man, for they were sworn to in the presence of God by those noble patriots, who signed their names beneath the laws which they framed for the welfare of future generations. He set a trap, caught the American Eagle, pulled out his feathers for the Abolitionists to make tooth-picks of, and then throttled the proud bird to keep it from screaming.

The stars and stripes—that beautiful emblem of American nationality—has been robbed of its charms by putting it in the hands of an ignorant, ignominious negro, who has been made his master's master. He has involved this country into an unnatural and bloody war. Not a war against savages for the preservation of the "Constitution as it is—the Union as it was." No! no! It is a war in which father is against son—a war to accomplish his own private purposes. It is a war to sink this nation into everlasting debt and ruin—to fill the country with poor widows and helpless orphans, and all for what? The white man? No! *a negro!* Nearly every county in the border and coast States has its military graveyard. When we ask who began it, let us also inquire who could have ended it if he wished. And, also, let us *now* inquire "*Who will end it?*" Uncle Sam is imprisoned for free speech. Poor Goddess of Liberty has lost her proud bird, the American Eagle, and is to day kneeling, weeping and wailing over the grave of George Washington. The *American freeman's* Star-spangled Banner lies torn in fragments at the door of the tomb where sleeps Andrew Jackson. Ah! a black cloud is hovering angrily over the capital, while they who sit and rule within are unconscious of approaching danger—voices from the graves are mingled with the rolling thunder that makes them tremble with fear. The widow and the orphan look to heaven for hope and help, in these the most trying hours of their lives. Ah! there is a ray of the sunshine of hope gleaming through the angry and darkened clouds pon the nation *now*. There is a voice like heavenly music borne upon the winds, that seems to whisper words of consolation to every almost hopeless individual. The storm will soon be over now—the angel of peace will soon ascend to earth and again embrace the Goddess of Liberty with sisterly love and affection; the doors of the prison shall be unlocked, and old Uncle Sam can embrace his dear child again; be *free* and be *a man again*; the American Eagle will soon be a free and proud bird forever, the press will be unthrottled, the flag upon which the negro is made to dote shall be buried forever with the negro cause, and the American flag—the Star-Spangled Banner—shall be run up to the top of the mast-head over the old Capitol, and unfurled in its grandeur, amid the shouts of a nation who have been redeemed; and the "Constitution as it is, the Union as it was," shall be *our* laws—and our people shall be a *free people*. The Goddess of Liberty and the Angel of Peace are entwining a wreath of never-dying flowers, plucked from the gardens of every State in the Union, which they intend shall be placed by them, with the will of the people, upon the noble brow of the patriot and soldier—*Major General George B. McClellan.*

GUERRILLAS ON THE BORDER—THE MORNING STAR FIRED ON.—One hundred and five rebels took breakfast Thursday morning at Hawesville, and a short distance above Owensboro a band to the number of two hundred and fifty, well mounted, under the command of the notorious Walker Taylor, was discovered coming down the river. They dashed into Owensboro about the time the Morning Star was passing that place, yelling like savages, and made their appearance on the river bank, and attempted to decoy the boat to land. But, after whistling, as if she intended to land, Captain Bunce had all steam put on, and made the best possible time out of their reach.

A squad of half a dozen followed the boat some distance down the shore and fired some thirty or forty rounds at her, only one of which struck the boat, doing no injury. At the first sign of danger Captain Bunce took his position in the pilot-house, and directed the movement of the boat.

☞ The rebels made their first appearance in the town of Mayfield, Ky., on Monday morning last, only ten or twelve in number, and commanded by a Lieutenant. They committed no depredations whatever in the place, but paid every respect to private property, molesting no one. They purchased a few articles in a drug store, and paid for the same in greenbacks. Reports in the vicinity of Mayfield were rife of a rebel force, estimated all the way from two hundred to twenty thousand, approaching that place. The belief with the best informed seems to be that there is not over five hundred, all told, who have reached the neighborhood. The headquarters of this force is said to be at Paris, Tenn., and it is thought that they are the advance guard of Forrest's raiders.

RETURN OF GEN. BURBRIDGE'S TROOPS.—A dispatch from Mount Sterling, Ky., announces the arrival of the troops of Gen. Burbridge's late expedition at that place, and that the army was safely withdrawn from the battle field by Brig. Gen. Hobson, the command having been turned over to him by his superiors. It is stated that there was constant fighting with our rear guard during the first three days of the retreat. The troops fought bravely, but suffered greatly during the march to Mount Sterling.

AUTUMN.—Autumn is represented by the ancients as a lusty farmer, wreathed in sheaves of cereals, his arms laden with the fruits of summer, and, with sickle in his hand, starting forth to banish hunger, change the robes of nature, and warn the flowers to wither and the rustling leaves to fall, preparatory to the pinching presence of chill winter. Fat and florid, he feasts upon the toils of spring and summer, and with golden glory heralds the coming of the frigid "ruler of the inverted year."

☞ The citizens of Danville were somewhat alarmed, on Friday afternoon last, by the report that a considerable band of guerrillas had been seen at Shaker Town, in Mercer county, and would probably call upon them. Gen. Fry, who happened to be there at the time, detained a company of Federal troops passing through for the defense of the town, in connection with the Home Guard company recently organized. But the guerrillas did not make their appearance.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The Indianapolis Journal says Geo. Fitz, a native of Prussia, died in Wayne township, in that county, on Tuesday, the 11th of October, aged 106 years. Mr. Fitz formerly resided in New Jersey, but he has lived in this State seventeen years. He was in the war of 1812, being then past middle age. He was respected for his temperance, morality, and all the virtues indispensable in a good citizen.

☞ A little child in Canada was lately struck by lightning, and every particle of clothing stripped off of her.

TELEGRAPHIC.

YESTERDAY'S NOON DISPATCHES.

Further Details of Gen. Sheridan's Victory.

How the Great Battle was Won.

Rebel Gen. Walker's Division Across the Mississippi.

Its Oject to Re-enforce Hood or Co-operate with Him.

Col. Gurney Attacks the Rebels near the Atchafalaya.

He Captures a Piece of Rebel Cannon

Late Intelligence from Chattanooga

Late News from Southern Papers.

Arrival of the Libby Family Within Our Lines.

NEW YORK, October 22.

The Herald's account of Sheridan's victory, printed this morning, is of a highly interesting character. The following is an account of how Sheridan won the victory:

After taking command, about half past one o'clock, General Sheridan commenced driving the rebels. The Nineteenth corps' lines were thrown forward, and with their batteries placed in line bearing on the rebel position, affairs began to assume a more cheerful aspect.

The rebels had apparently got hoarse from their efforts in the morning, for their yells at this time were few and far between. Our lines continually advanced, slowly but surely.

The charge which decided the fate of this eventful day was made at four o'clock P. M. Fifteen minutes before that time Gen. Gettis' division, of the Sixth corps, formed in two lines of battle on a piece of open ground on the right of the turnpike.

The other divisions of that corps and Gen. Ewing's command, of the Nineteenth corps, formed in a similar manner, but under cover of the woods; at four o'clock his lines commenced to move forward. More than half the distance was traversed, scarcely a shot being fired, when suddenly the rebel batteries opened with terrific fire on our advancing lines.

The spectators held their breath, or asked, in hushed and eager whispers, whether the troops would meet with the success their bravery merited. But mingling with the roar of artillery and the din of exploding shells was now heard the roll of musketry.

The firing was the most constant and rapid which has ever been heard in the valley, and was never equaled on the continent, except at the battle of the Wilderness.

Our lines slightly wavered under the withering fire of the rebel batteries, but they did not give way or fall back.

When but a short distance from the rebel lines the last grand rush was made. Our men were inside the lines, and the day was won without any regard to the order of their going. The rebels fled through the streets of Middletown, leaving their guns in our hands, and many small arms and several stand of colors. General Sheridan, with his usual promptitude, ordered a forward pursuit to be kept up.

Our cavalry was at once ordered forward, and the rebels continued their flight over Cedar creek, en route for Strasburg, which place they also left in their rear shortly after sunset. During the latter part of the day Gen. Ramseur was mortally wounded, and he subsequently fell into our hands. The rebel Gen. Lahr, commanding a brigade in Kershaw's division, is also reported killed and his body in our hands.

The substantial fruits of this victory are now to be seen in the shape of fifty pieces of artillery and a large number of wagons and ambulances.

General Custar has just sent in word that the prisoners he has captured are being constantly increased, and that assistance will be needed to guard them.

General Sheridan has kept his word, and re-established his headquarters in the place they occupied this morning. The different corps have gone back to their old camping grounds, and our wounded have been sent to Winchester, where everything is being done for their comfort.

Of course at this time no estimate can be made of the losses on our side. The country between here and Winchester is filled with stragglers, who will doubtless return to their commands in a few days, which will reduce our loss—at this time apparently great.

The rebels are being followed up with the greatest vigor, and our advance will be doubtless somewhere in the vicinity of Woodstock before morning. This has been the most complete and crushing defeat General Sheridan has inflicted on the old man Early, and it is extremely problematical whether the latter will again endeavor to dispute with him the possession of the valley.

Capt. Beers, General Crook's A. A. G., was killed early in the day. Major Hart, Inspector General on General Grover's staff, was severely wounded, during the early part of the day, while endeavoring to save some artillery. Capt. Daniel C. Knowlton, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York, was killed. Major Jones, Sixth New York, was mortally wounded early in the day.

Since writing the above I learn that Custar has captured several more pieces of artillery from the retreating rebels.

NEW YORK, October 22.

The Herald's New Orleans letter of the 14th states it is reported that Walker's rebel division has crossed the Mississippi, and is on its way to re-enforce Hood or co-operate with him in annoying Sherman.

Coupled with the crossing of the Mississippi by Walker is a rumor that 200 of the Texas rebels were shot for refusing to go beyond the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Lieutenant Colonel Gurney, of the Second New York veteran cavalry, attacked and captured a piece of rebel artillery posted on the banks of the Atchafalaya, a few days since, and also captured quite a large quantity of rebel commissary and Quartermaster's stores.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

A Chattanooga letter, of the 16th, to the Herald, states that our small garrisons at Dalton and other places were ordered to evacuate them, which they did, saving much valuable property.

They were then occupied, and very briefly, by the rebels, but Sherman pressing them too closely, they skedaddled, and all these places claimed as having been captured by rebels are now occupied by our troops.

The rebel papers consider Sherman's position as critical, and also that of Hood's equally so, but Hood can keep up his supplies.

Sherman must evacuate Georgia, but admits Sherman's position cuts off Hood's communication with his base, but hints that Hood has another base.

The Georgia Militia has again been called out, and will rendezvous at Macon.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

Tribune's correspondent with Army of the James states that Richmond papers of 19th aver that rebels are withdrawn from working on fortifications on account of Butler's retaliation in placing rebel prisoners in Dutch Gap Canal.

The family of Mr. Libby, for whom Libby Prison is named, came into our lines, but will be sent back.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 22.

River risen five inches—eleven feet five inches in channel. Weather cloudy—slight snow fell last night.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

The Morning Star, from New Orleans 15th, has arrived. The Sierra Nevada and——

[Here the line gave out.—OPERATOR.]

TAX ON WHISKY.—As there is a difference of opinion in regard to the additional tax to be placed upon whisky, we give the following opinion in regard to the matter:

Whisky made since July 1, 1864, is subject to $1 50 per gallon; that made after February 1st, 1865, $2 per gallon. All whisky in the hands of manufacturers in the manufactory, on which no tax was paid previous to July 1, 1864, is regarded as having been made since that date, and is liable to the increased rate, provided no cause existed which prevented inspectors from doing their duty.

☞ A band of twelve guerrillas entered Greenville, Kentucky, last Tuesday, and made a general robbery of the citizens. They marched the citizens up and took from them all they wanted, the greatest demand being for pocket-books. Among the losses in money that we have heard of are Jonathan Short $2,-400 and John E. Reno $600.

☞ A soldier was cut to pieces recently in Cairo by being run over by a train of cars, while attempting to jump upon it while in motion.

☞ A French chemist has discovered that a depressing effect upon the action of the heart is caused by smoking.

LAST NIGHT'S DISPATCHES.

Details of Sheridan's Great Victory.

Brilliant Charges Made on Enemy.

The Rebels Completely Routed.

Fifty Pieces of Artillery Captured.

Two Thousand Prisoners Taken.

The Latest from Sherman's Army.

Hood Moving Upon Jacksonville.

Shermans Army in Hot Pursuit,

Great Excitement in Memphis.

Large Rebel Force near the City.

The Whereabouts of Forrest.

The Latest News from Mexico.

Imperialists Hold City of Matamoras

Cortinas Surrenders his Command.

The New Constitution of Canada.

Particulars of St. Albans Robbery.

$223,000 Stolen by the Robbers.

Fears of an Attempt to Rescue the Prisoners.

A Letter from Mr. Deavlin.

In Which he Explains his Position.

Courthouse at Mayfield Burned.

Destructive Fire at Lowell, Mass.

Letter from Hon. G. H. Pendleton.

NEW YORK, October 22.

The Herald's account of the changing to victory from apparent defeat on Wednesday, is as follows: It was dated on the night of the battle.

At 3 P. M. Sheridan having completed his preparations, awakened his army to action and the enemy from their repose by ordering a grand advance of the left half-wheel from left to right, closing in on the enemy's cavalry who previously made a charge which disclosed the position of the foe and weakened his flanks. The advance was slightly checked in the centre at the outset by the momentary embarrassment of the Third division of the Sixth corps, which had to pass dense woods. It was resumed as soon as this difficulty was overcome, the whole line making an onset upon the enemy, which broke their lines after a stubborn resistance, and sent them back careening, firing continuous and withering volleys aided by every piece of artillery which could be made available in the rear. Our now enthusiastic and determined columns pressed the rebels so closely that they were unable to make a decisive stand any point. On through Middleton and beyond the enemy hurried, and the Army of the Shenandoah pursued; our musketry now had a gleeful dancing sound—guns fired shotted salutes of victory. Generals Custar and Merritt charging in on the right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners and slashing, killing, and driving as they went.

The march of the infantry was more majestic and more terrible. The lines of the foe surged and broke before it everywhere. Beyond Middleton on the battle field fought over in the morning their columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over fields like sheep. Custar took a gun in one of his charges captured from us in the morning. This was the first gun we had captured during the day. Many more guns were to be ours before nightfall.

It was dusk when the whole rebel army, forsaking every inch of ground they had won, went across Cedar Run pell mell and flying towards Strasburg.

Two brigades of cavalry, Weltz and Howell's, pursued, charging them at every chance and increasing the rout before them.

At nightfall our cavalry entered Strasburg, while the enemy was still passing through the town, and from that time until 8 o'clock confined themselves, with the assistance of a division of infantry afterwards sent forward by Sheridan, to pick up prisoners and gathering together and sending to the rear the artillery, army wagons and ambulances which had been left by the foe in their headlong flight.

Forty-three guns, including all of those taken from us during the day, have already been counted, and it was said that the number will reach fifty. The medical supplies and wagons captured from the Nineteenth corps was recovered; also several of our ambulances and wagons and a hundred or more belonging to the enemy.

The prisoners taken will number nearly 2,000. It has been impossible to provide a guard for them as rapidly as they are captured. A large number sent to the rear will probably escape during the night, but all are so completely tired out with the day's fighting and marching that we shall pick up hundreds by the wayside when morning dawns.

NEW YORK, October 22.

The World's special with Sheridan says the opening success of the rebels depended not so much on their strength as on the skill with which their assault was planned. The army which fought us is estimated at 15,000 to 20,000 men. It used no cavalry. The infantry consisted of five divisions under Ramseur, Gordon, Pegram, Wharton and Kershaw. This force was still in command of Early, notwithstanding the reports that Longstreet had assumed control. Returned prisoners say that the rebels put all Federal deserters to work on the trenches.

The Herald's Fortress Monroe correspondent gives accounts of a successful expedition by the Twentieth New York cavalry, from Suffolk, to break up contraband traffic with North Carolina. They had a skirmish with the rebels and destroyed large stores of cotton, tobacco, shoes, clothing, and small arms, and the buildings used for their storage and railroad stations. Also, captured 1,400 beeves, telegraph operators and other things of value, and returned safely.

The rebel Secretary of the Treasury states that the debt of the Confederate States will be on the 31st of the coming December $1,-575,000,000.

According to his statement $15,000 in gold is equivalent in Richmond to $300,000 of his currency.

The Tribune's Washington special says the theory of Longstreet's advance is thus rendered in official circles:

Lee became informed Sheridan was withdrawing his forces; a portion having already reached Grant, proposed for Lonstreet, with reorganized and re-enforced troops to fall suddenly on his rear and destroy him before he could get in position.

MONTREAL, Oct. 22.

Twelve of the St. Albans raiders were captured in Canada, one of whom is now in jail at St. Johns, disclosed the entire plot, and states that the raid was conducted by a Captain in the Confederate service, commissioned for that purpose. There were twenty-three concerned in it, and the amount stolen from the banks $223,000.

The government commissioned able counsel to take the case up. The necessary extradition papers for those captured have been forwarded to St. Johns.

LATER.

The following is from the last edition of the Evening Telegraph on the St. Albans raid: In consequence of fears that from sympathy shown at St. Johns for the St. Albans raiders and that an attempt may be made to rescue them, Capt. Des Reves' troops (cavalry) have been called out on duty to guard the jail. Hon. J. J. Abbott has been retained with M Flamme for the accused, and we understand he retains his seat, and Hon. J. H. Cameron as counsel.

Mr. Deavlin, released by the Federal authorities, has received the following letter from Lieut. Bennett Young, commanding a party of raiders on St. Albans:

FRELINGSBURG, C. E., Oct. 21, 1864.

To the Editor of the Evening Telegraph:

Through the columns of your valuable paper I wish to make some statements to the people of Canada regarding the recent operations in Vermont. I went there for the purpose of burning towns and villages in retaliation for the recent outrages in the Shenandoah valley and elsewhere in the Confederate States. I am a commissioned officer of the Confederate States, and am violating no laws of Canada. I wish to make a few statements as to how myself and party were taken.

I was seized on the Canadian side by American citizens with arms in their hands, and violently searched, my pocket-book taken, and I was forcibly placed in a buggy between two men, and started towards the United States. I reached out my hands and caught the reins when three pistols were leveled at my head with threats to shoot the d—d scoundrel dead if he moved. Some Canadian citizens then spoke up, and seeing the bailiff they started with me towards him, two of them holding arms in their hands. These statements can be proved by Canadian citizens who came into this place, and even beyond it, brandishing guns, attempting to kill some of us after we were in the hands of the English authorities.

Surely the people of Vermont must have forgotten you are not in midst of war and ruled by a man despotic in actions and supreme in infamy. I am not afraid to go before the courts of Canada, and when the affair is investigated I am satisfied there is not any party that will be found violaters of Canadian and English laws. Some one I hope will be sent to investigate this breach of neutrality and award to those American citizens doing armed duty in Canada just merit of their transgression. Hoping you will give this publication. I remain, Yours, respectfully,

BENNETT H. YOUNG,
First Lieutenant P. A. C. S. A.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, October 22.

To Major General Dix:

The following official dispatch has been received from Sheridan:

Cedar Creek, Oct 21, 4 P. M.—Lieut. Gen. Grant: I pursued the routed force of the enemy nearly to Mt. Jackson, which point he reached during the night of the 19th and 20th without an organized regiment of his army. From the accounts of our prisoners who have escaped and citizens the route was complete. About 2,000 of the enemy broke and made their way through the mountains on the left. For fourteen miles on the line of their retreat the country was covered with small arms thrown away by the rebels. Forty-eight pieces of captured artillery are now at my headquarters. I think that not less than 300 wagons and ambulances were either captured or destroyed.

The accident of the morning turned to our advantage as much as the whole move had been planned. The only regret I have is the capture in early morning of from 800 to 1,000 men.

I am now sending to the War Department 10 battle flags.

I think Early's re-enforcements were less than 11,000 men.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Maj. Gen. Comd'g.

General Stoneman reports the arrival Martinsburg of fifteen hundred wounded and 3,500 prisoners.

General Custar this P. M. is at Washington with ten rebel battle flags displayed from engines.

E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

The following letter from Hon. G. H. Pendleton, Democratic candidate for Vice President, was just received by Hon. Jno. B. Haskin, of New York, Chairman of the Democratic Executive State Committee, and will appear in the Sunday Mercury to-morrow morning:

CINCINNATI, Oct. 17.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your friendly letter. Malignant representations and falsehoods are so frequent in our struggles that I have rarely undertaken to correct or refute them. I make no professions of a new faith, only repeat my reiterated professions of an old one, when I say there is no one who cherishes a greater regard for the Union, who has a higher sense of its inestimable benefit, who would more earnestly labor for the restoration by all means which will effect that end, than myself. The Union is the guarantee of peace power, the prosperity of this people, and no man would deprecate more heartily or oppose more persistently the establishment of an other government over any portion of the territory now within its limits. I am in favor of exacting no conditions, insisting upon no terms, not prescribed in the Constitution, and I am opposed to any course of policy which will defeat the re-establishment of the Government upon its old foundations and in its territorial integrity.

I am, very respectfully, yours, &c.,
GEO. H. PENDLETON.

CAIRO, October 22.

The steamer Darling from Memphis passed here with 150 bales cotton for Cincinnati.

The Memphis Bulletin of the 9th says:

The excitement sprung up anew and the militia was again called out in consequence of a large rebel force under Dick Taylor being near the city with the avowed intention of taking it.

Forrest has passed up to Bolivar with a strong force.

Little Rock advices to the 15th represent all quiet. Steele has a large force under his command. Scouting parties had several skirmishes with the rebels south of Little Rock. Quite a number of the enemy were killed and wounded and several captured. Some horses and mules were also taken.

The steamer Emma was sunk above St. Charles on the White river.

New Orleans, October 14.—Matamoras dates to the 10th ultimo report the city in the hands of the Imperialists under Mejia, it having surrendered unconditionally.

The Mexican schooner Julia was lost in the Gulf about the 26th ult.

Business in New Orleans has been stopped, and will not be resumed until trade regulations are removed.

CAIRO, Oct. 22.

The steamer Arthur, from New Orleans, arrived with 63 bales cotton, 1,000 bbls coffee, 1,000 bbls pork, consigned to the Quartermaster at Cairo.

No private sales of cotton at New Orleans. Small amount of low middling brought 117½.

About fifty rebels entered Mayfield on Tuesday, burned the Courthouse and committed many depredations.

The steamer Belle Memphis, with 178 bales of cotton, 74 hhds tobacco, from Memphis, with dates of the 20th, reports quiet restored in that city.

Maj. Gen. Dana has assumed command of the Sixteenth Army Corps, including the districts of Western Tennessee and Vicksburg, on the 15th, his headquarters being at Vicksburg.

Col. Harris has been relieved from duty as Adj. Maj. of Memphis, and ordered to report at Vicksburg, and Capt. Richards, of the 22d Ohio appointed in his place.

QUEBEC, Oct. 22.

The outline of the new federal constitution will probably be as follows:

The Governor General of the Confederation to be appointed by the crown and be advised by a Cabinet under British parliamentary form, and government members of the Upper Chamber are to be appointed by the crown for life, members of the Lower House are to be elected for five years.

Representation is to be adjusted every ten years.

The Lieutenant Governor of each province is to be appointed by the Governor General of the Confederation under the advice of the federal Cabinet.

Constitutions of the local legislations are to be determined by existing parliaments, without regard to uniformity.

Finance ministers of the different provinces are engaged in preparing financial statements for each province.

NEW YORK, October 22.

Yesterday and to day New York has been dressed in flags in honor of General Sheridan's victory.

The Richmond Examiner says:

General Bragg has gone to Wilmington temporarily, but will return to Richmond when an emergency which calls him thither is over.

The Montgomery Appeal says: General Beauregard and staff passed through Opelika on the 8th, to assume command of the Army of Tennessee and will personally direct the movements and operations of the army until the fall campaign is fully closed.

The Mobile Register says: General Hood in a proclamation to his troops said, General Sherman could not muster over thirty-five thousand men.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 21.

No engagement yet between the armies in northern Georgia.

Hood is reported rapidly moving down Broomtown Valley to Jacksonville and Talladega, where he strikes the railroad to Montgomery.

Sherman's army is stripped of every pound superfluous luggage and in hot pursuit.

The rebels have so much the start, and flies so fearfully that his capture is not assured.

Trains came up to Tilton from Atlanta to-day.

The wires are working through to Atlanta.

A small party of rebel cavalry attempted to tear up the track below Acworth yesterday, but were driven off by the train guard; otherwise all quiet along the Atlanta road.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.

A special dispatch to the Commercial, of the 22d, says the Richmond Examiner of the 19th says the colored prisoners put on the fortifications by the rebels have been returned to prison, and expresses the hope that Butler will relieve the Confederate officers placed under fire at Dutch Gap.

President Lincoln publishes this evening a lengthy letter to the commissioners who assailed him, in which he declines to interfere in the affairs of Tennessee, deeming it a State matter altogether.

NEW YORK, October 22.

A special to the Commercial from Washington says the mailboat from City Point reports all quiet yesterday, but the rebels are engaged in strengthening their fortifications on the north side of James river.

One hundred and sixty prisoners came up, many of whom took the oath of allegiance. One rebel officer says that he gave himself up because the Southerners have neither men or money to hold out much longer.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
October 21.

Quiet has prevailed in front of Petersburg during the past week, interrupted only by occasional picket firing, which was renewed on Thursday night, and kept up with spirit till daylight along the center of the line.

Heavy firing was also heard in the direction of James river, but the object of it was not known.

A dispatch announcing another Union victory in the valley caused the most hearty rejoicing among our troops.

NEW ORLEANS, October 16,
via CAIRO, October 22.

The steamers Koda, from New York and Alliance, from Brazos, Santiago, arrived yesterday. The Alliance brings intelligence that Cortina's surrendered his forces, &c., to the Imperialists, and accepts a Brigadier General's commission in Maxamillian's army. Mejia commands Matamoras. The Alliance brought five Republican Colonels and Brigadier Generals, refugees from Mexico. They addressed complimentary letters to Colonel Day, commanding the United States forces at Brazos.

LOWELL, MASS., Oct. 22.

A very destructive fire occured last night at what is known as Dry Cal Navy Yard, which totally destroyed a large new brick mill and counting rooms belonging to the Merimac Wool Company.

Loss about $250,000, insured for $200,000. About two hundred operatives are thrown out of employment.

BUFFALO, October 22.

It is again rumored that a party in Canada intend a raid on Buffalo. It is understood this news has been received officially here.

Bridget as she Was, and Bridget as she Is.

A square, solid form, innocent of corsets; a thick "stuff" dress, raised high above ankles which are shaped for use; stout leather shoes; hands red and gloveless; a bonnet of obsolete shape and trimmings; a face round as the moon, from which the rich red blood, made of potatoes and pure air, seems ready to burst; great honest eyes, always down-cast when addressed by those whom the old country styles "superiors." Such is Bridget when she first steps from the deck of the good ship "Maria" at Castle Garden.

Bridget goes to "a place." The pert housemaid titters when she appears, square and wholesome, like a human cow. Bridget's ears catch the word "greenhorn," and "she might as well be a grandmother as to be only seventeen." Bridget looks furtively at the smart though cheap dress of the chambermaid, with its inevitable flimsy ruffled skirt and tinsel buttons, and then at her despised "best dress," which she has been wont to keep so tidy for Sundays and holidays. She looks at the thin, paper-soled gaiters of the critical housemaid, and then at her stout, dew-dying brogans. She looks at her own thick masses of hair, fastened up with only one idea—to keep it out of the way—and then at the housemaid's elaborate parlor imitation of puff and braid and curl. The view subdues her.

She is for the first time ashamed of her own thick natural tresses. She looks at her peony cheeks, and contrasts them with the sickly but "genteel" pallor of the housemaid's, and gradually it dawns upon her why they whispered "greenhorn" when she stepped in the kitchen that first day. But the housemaid, overpowering as she is to Bridget, suffers a total eclipse when the lady of the house sweeps past in full dress. Bridget looks—marvels, adores, and vows to imitate. *That* hair! *Those* jewels! *That* long trailing skirt and embroidered petticoat. *Did* anybody *ever?* *Could* Bridget herself in any way reach such perfection? She blushes to think that only last night, in her home sickness, she actually longed to milk once more the old red cow in the cherished farmyard. How ridiculous! She doubts whether that sumptuous lady ever saw a cow. The idea that she, Bridget, had been contented all her life to have only *cows* to look at her.

By the way, why should that curly-headed grocer-boy talk so much to the housemaid, and never to her? A light dawns on her dormant brain. She will fix *her* hair the way to catch the grocer-boys. She, too, will have a ruffled skirt to drag through the gutter, though she may never own any underclothes. *She* will have some brass earrings and bracelets and things, and some paper-soled boots, with her first wages; and as to her bonnet, it is true, she can afford only one for market and 'mass;' for rain and shine; for heat and for cold; but by St. Patrick, it shall be a fourteen dollar "dress hat," anyhow, though she may never own a pair of Indiarubbers or a flannel petticoat, or a pocket handkerchief, or an umbrella. Just as if this wasn't a "free country!"

Just as if that spiteful housemaid was going to have all the grocer-boys to herself! Bridget will see about that. Her eyes are a pretty blue; and as to her hair, it is at least *her own*; yes, ma'am; no "*rats*" will be necessary for *her*; that will save something.

And so the brogans, and the dark "stuff" dress, and the thick stockings and shawl come to grief; and in two months time *flash* is written all over Bridget from the crown of her showy hat to the tips of her cruel-fied toes, squeezed into narrow, paper-soled, fashionable, high-heeled gaiters. And as to her "*superiors*," gracious goodness! America is not Ireland, nor England neither, I'd have you to know. You had better just mention that word in Bridget's hearing *now*, and see what will come of it.

FANNY FERN.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—It is strange to observe how like flowers are women. They express their temperamental idiosyncrasies in their dress and adornments, as do flowers in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets; they never look or feel better than when arrayed in graceful morning *neglige*. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes like the tulip or the peony. Who has not seen the graceful maidens and gentle matrons like the pure white lilies? We know several heliotropes and moss roses—as fragrant and as lovely in their persons and their dress as these loveliest of flowers. We are acquainted also with a good many double marigolds and poppies. There are some women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then we see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters; and thus dress becomes a form of expression at once poetic and useful.

THE "REFRESHMENT STATIONS."—Mr. Eno makes the following condensed report of the refreshment stations at Dalton, Resaca, and Kingston, from the commencement of the operations, to September 15th. The men fed were all sick and wounded, and were from twenty-four to sixty-eight hours on the way to Chattanooga:

Number of men fed, 15,736. To them were given 3,664 gallons of coffee, 238 gallons of soup, 25 gallons of tea, 377 gallons of punch, 268 gallons of ale, 139 gallons of stewed fruit, 53 gallons of tomatoes, 60 gallons of pickles, 35 gallons of lemonade, 14,678 sandwiches, &c., 2,931 pounds of crackers and light bread, 82 bottles of stimulants, 26 bushels of apples, 18 gallons of blackberry.

☞ Sensibility is a star that can lead one only when the sky is clear. Reason is the magnetic needle that guides us when the sky is wrapt in darkness.

☞ We believe in forgiveness; but if a man is placed upon the cross, he need not try to get one hand loose to press that of his tormentors.

RIVER MATTERS.

ARRIVALS—General Buell, from Cincinnati; Major Anderson, from Cincinnati; Hazel Dell, from Madison; Morning Star, from Henderson; Navigator, from Tennessee river; Rob Roy, from Nashville; Anna, from Cincinnati; Clara Poe, from Tennessee river; Pine Hill, from Cincinnati.

DEPARTURES—General Buell, for Cincinnati; Major Anderson, for Cincinnati; Hazel Dell, for Madison; Morning Star, for Henderson; Clara, for Tennessee river; Navigator, for Cincinnati; Rob Roy, for Cincinnati; Anna, for Tennessee river; Clara Poe, Cincinnati; Dunleith, for New Orleans; Pine Hill, for Cincinnati.

—There was but little business done at the wharf yesterday. The weather was clear and cool, and the river was still falling with four feet ten inches in the canal.

—The General Lytle and the C. T. Dumont are the mailboats for Cincinnati to-day.

—The steamer Dime, which was sunk a few days since on the falls, still lies straight. Her chances for being saved are good.

—The Morning Star went out to Henderson yesterday with a fine trip.

—The steamer Mississippi was to leave the Portland wharf last evening for New Orleans.

—One of the neatest and prettiest boats that has come from the Sunny South since the war began is the Brilliant. She is now lying at the Portland wharf, receiving freight for Memphis and all way points. As an evidence of the style of the boat we will state that C. D. Conway, Esq., is the captain, Billy Blanker is the first clerk, and Ben Taylor is the second clerk; and if any boat can sport a better crew than the Brilliant, let them "sing out." Oh, yes! they have a bar on that boat, and old Joe Scott (everybody knows Joe) keeps the best of everything in it. She leaves to-morrow evening at four o'clock, and this will be a *brilliant* opportunity for a pleasant trip to Memphis.

—The Rose Hite will be finished in a day or two. She is to run in the Nashville trade, and Capt. Ballard, we are glad to learn, is to have charge of her.

—The Pine Hill arrived from Cincinnati yesterday with 1,135 sacks of corn for John Christy & Co.; also 107 tuns of pine lumber and 91 ambulance for Capt. Ernest, A. Q. M. She also towed down two barges and returned to Cincinnati.

—The Rob Roy came in from Nashville and put off a lot of scrap iron, including 77 barrels for M. Monroe. She went an up the river.

—We received no river news from Nashville last evening on account of interruptions on the Nashville railroad.

—Permits are being granted at Evansville to boats going up Green river.

—The John A. Fisher has been bought by Capt. J. E. Strader and Mr. Henry Miller, at Cairo, for $13,000 cash. She will run as a regular packet between that city and St. Louis.

—At Cincinnati on Friday the mark at the waterworks showed a fall of six inches during the twenty-four hours preceding, at which time there was ten feet eleven inches of water in the channel.

EVANSVILLE, October 21.—Business was passably good on the levee yesterday.

The Navigator came up from below and took on a load of flour for Louisville.

The Darling is due up to-day.

No packets to-day. River falling slowly.

CAIRO, October 20.—The river is still falling. Business was very brisk yesterday, and the weather was very fine.

The new Bon Accord brought out 1,819 boxes soap, candles, etc., and 3,539 barrels flour, hard tack and commissary stores generally. They were for the Luminary.

WHEELING, October 20.—The river was falling last evening, with six and a half feet water in the channel.

Captain Mason's new boat—the St. Johns—is being rapidly completed; and will soon be running between this city and Cincinnati.

The new towboat Kanawha was dropped down to the landing yesterday.

PITTSBURG, October 21.—The river is five feet scant by the pier mark and falling slowly. The weather is clear and pleasant.

FINANCE AND TRADE

OFFICE OF THE LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT,
SATURDAY EVENING, October 22d, 1864.

By the New York noon advices to the Board of Trade to-day, Gold opened at 210 and closed at 210¾.

The Stock market was unchanged. Certificates 95.

Rio Coffee was lower at 38c. Sugar unchanged, and Molasses firm at $1 75.

Mixed Corn advanced 1c. Wheat 2c. Oats 90c.

New Mess Pork lower at $41 25@42. Lard firm.

Whisky firm at $1 74.

Cotton $1 15.

Business here was dull. Wheat is better, but the receipts light.

For particulars of currency matters see Specie and Bank Note list.

Daily Review of the Louisville Market.

[REPORTED FROM THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.]

FLOUR—The market continues without change. The sales at retail are at $10@10 50 for extra family; fancy brands $11@12.

WHEAT—Receipts moderate and prices are better. Mediterranean and Alabama red at $1 75@1 80 and white $1 90.

CORN—Dealers are still paying $1 15@1 20. Sales from store at $1 40, and at retail $1 40@1 45. Receipts fair. New Corn commands 90c@$1.

OATS, &C.—Oats 65@70c. Rye $1 15@1 25. Barley $1 35@1 90, and nominal.

BUTTER—Western Reserve in firkins commands 40@45c. Indiana tub 30@35c, and retails at 50@55c.

CHEESE—Western Reserve commands 20@21c, and Ohio Hamburg 21@22c. We hear that large sales were made to-day at prices somewhat below these figures.

GROCERIES—Moderate sales of N. O. Sugar at 22@25c by the hhd, as in quality; in bbls 5@1c per ℔ more; Soft Yellow is held at 25@30c; Crushed, &c., 29@29c. New Orleans Molasses $1 15@1 20; Syrup at $1 40@1 45. Coffee 41@43c.

FLAX SEED—Sales at $2.

HAY—Baled Timothy is dull at $22@23; at retail $27@28. Loose from wagons at $25.

LINSEED OIL—Held at $1 40.

POTATOES—Common Neshannocks from wagons $3 50@3 75, and from store $4@4 50. Peach blows and Michigan from store $5 per bbl.

APPLES—Command $3@$6 per bbl, as in quality.

WHISKY—Sales small.

EGGS—In demand at 30c.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

SATURDAY—Sales to-day only 74 hhds, as follows: 1 at $[illegible]; 8 at $7; 7 at $[illegible]; 15 at $[illegible]; 4 at $10; 3 at $11; 2 at $12; 4 at $13; 1 at $14 25; 1 at $15; 4 at $16; 8 at $17; 2 at $1[illegible]; 1 at $19; 1 at $[illegible]; 2 at $24; 2 at $25; 2 at $26; 4 at $27; 1 at $28 50; 1 at $29; 1 at 30; 1 at $32 25; 1 at $35; 1 at $[illegible] 50, and 1 at $40 per 100 pounds.

Sales for the week 415 hhds. Receipts 384.

SPECIE AND BANK NOTE LIST.

	BUYING.	SELLING.	
Gold	[illegible]@—	—@112	℔ cent. p'm
Silver	95 @—	—@100	℔ cent. p'm
Eastern Exchange	¼ dis. par@		
Kentucky Money		1@ 2	℔ cent. p'm

BANKABLE FUNDS

Treasury Notes, National Bank Notes, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky Money.

UNCURRENT FUNDS.

Missouri		1@ 3	℔ cent. dis
Except—Farmers' Bank		5@10	℔ cent. dis
Union Bank		5@10	℔ cent. dis
Illinois		2@50	℔ cent. dis
Wisconsin		2@55	℔ cent. dis
Iowa		1	℔ cent. dis
Michigan		2	℔ cent. dis
Virginia—			
Eastern		30	℔ cent. dis
Western		1	℔ cent. dis
Pennsylvania—			
Pittsburg		1	℔ cent. dis
Interior		1½	℔ cent. dis
New York		1	℔ cent. dis
New England		1	℔ cent. dis
Louisiana		10@[illegible]	℔ cent. dis
Maryland		1@ 2	℔ cent. dis
Tennessee—			
Planters' worth	90@—	95@100	
Union "	90@—	95@100	
Bank of Tennessee	[illegible]@—	[illegible]@—	
Stock Banks	60@—	[illegible]@—	
South Carolina		75@[illegible]	℔ cent. dis
North Carolina		75@[illegible]	℔ cent. dis
Georgia		75@78	℔ cent. dis
Alabama		75@78	℔ cent. dis

TELEGRAPH MARKETS.

NEW YORK, October 22, P. M.

Cotton firmer, with $1 20 for middling.

Flour firmer for State and Western and 10c higher, with fair demand at $8 80@8 95 for extra State, $9 75@10 25 for extra R. H. O., and $10 50@11 50 for trade brands, the market closing firm. Whisky firmer for State and Western at $1 73½@1 75. Wheat very scarce, and prices 1@2c better; winter red Western $2 20, choice Michigan $2 25. Rye quiet at $1 40 for Western. Corn firmer at $1 54 for mixed Western. Oats in fair demand at 90c for Western. Coffee quiet. Sugar firmer; Cuba 16¼@20c. Molasses quiet and steady and higher at $1@1 06 for New Orleans. Petroleum active, excited and higher at 47c for crude and 78@80 for refined free. Pork firm, closing steady at $39@39 50 for mess, $41 75@42 for new do, cash and regular way closing at $42, cash, $38@38 50 for prime, $41 50@42 for mess. Sales of 1,000 bbls mess for all November, buyers' option, at $42 75. Beef steady. Lard firmer at 20@22c. Butter dull at 30@36 for Western and 37@40 for State. Cheese inactive at 18@21.

Money steady seven per cent. Sterling selling at 109@109¼. Gold firmer, opening at 210, declining to 209¾, and closing at 212¾. Total exports of specie to-day were $4,675,000. Government stocks firmer.

NEW YORK, October 22—P. M.

Gold has been quite firm to-day, probably owing to purchases to meet the demand for to-day's steamer. The range has been 209¼ to 211¾.

NEW YORK, October 22—P. M.

Stock market very dull with limited business done to-day, which was confined exclusively to brokers. At the board prices were generally better than yesterday. Government stocks stronger. No transactions in State stocks. Railroad bonds dull and show a disposition to sympathise with the low prices of railroad shares. Mining stocks slightly better. Money continues in large supply. Gold market without any special excitement. This morning it took a sharp upward turn. This afternoon more activity was manifest. Market opened at 210¼ and closed at 212¾.

CINCINNATI, October 22—P. M.

Flour steady; superfine $8 60; extra State $8 75@9 00. Wheat firmer; red $1 85; White $2@2 10. Corn $1 14@1 20 for ear and shelled and in fair demand. Rye $1 25. Barley in good demand at $1 75@1 80. Oats 73@74c. Whisky in good demand with sales of 250 bbls at $1 69@1 70. Bacon lower at 20@20½c for clear ribbed sides and 19½c for packed and ribbed sides. Lard is firmer; sales 250 tierces at 19c. Groceries in fair supply at good rates for jobbing. Gold 209@210. Silver 190@195.

ST. LOUIS, October 22.

Flour dull and lower; superfine $7; single extra $9 25. Wheat declined 3@5c at $1 95@1 95. Corn quiet. Oats 91@93c.

☞ The Franklin Bank of Kentucky sells exchange on Montreal, London and Paris.

Daily Democrat.

[From the London Once a Week.]

CIVILLE BELLUM.

[In this fearful struggle between North and South there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed antagonists, and brothers against brothers.—American paper.]

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet."

"Ah, Captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead;
There's music around when my rifle's in tune."
Crack went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ranging dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood—
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."

"Oh, Captain! I staggered and sunk on my track
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette;
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket—this locket of gold;
An inch from the center my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket! 'Tis she—
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband! Hush, soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree;
We must bury him there by the light of the moon.

"But hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman—keep your hand in!"

WHY IS IT?

BY LEWIE.

Why is it that a glance from thee
Stirs up my inmost soul,
And my poor heart, that once was free,
Is not in my control?
Why is it that each joy of life,
When I am not with thee,
Is naught but changed to feelings rife
With direful misery?

Why is it that, like winter's snow
Before a summer's sun,
My heart melts into tenderness
Before thy glance alone?
Why is one lightly-whispered word,
If spoken but by thee,
More sweet than sounds that kiss the earth
Or breathe athwart the sea?

I've thought of love, I've read of love,
Which is the poet's theme,
I've dreamed of love, laughed at love,
But now its victim seem.
That's why I tremble at thy name,
And love to hear thy voice.
That's why the pressure of thy hand
Makes my cold heart rejoice.

THE ORANGE.

It ripened by the river banks,
Where—mask and moonlight aiding—
Dons Blas and Juan play sad pranks,
Dark donnas serenading.

By Moorish maiden it was pluck'd,
Who through the grove was stealing;
By Saxon sweetheart it was suck'd—
Who flung away the peeling.

She could not know in Pimlico,
As little she in Seville,
That I should reel upon that peel,
And find my proper level!

[From the Prairie Farmer.]

LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

I cannot well imagine a home more incomplete than that one where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts within the magic ring by the nameless charm of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially lovable; even their little willful, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great noble fellows, generous, loving, and full of good impulse, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie with her light step is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, and with her pretty dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mother's heart, never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood, till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voices when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the little minor details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorant if not for her. And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood wherein so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immorality. How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the evening meal, how cheery her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beaux, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for her company. When her lover comes, he must say what he has to say in the family sitting-room with father and mother; or if he is ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's young heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and on bended knees craves the blessing of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, how very far, for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish then the little girls, dimpled darlings who tear their aprons, and cut the table-cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress their doll babies to their heart's content, and don't tell them Tom Thumb and Red Riding Hood are fiction, but leave them alone till they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make fun of their baby theology, and when you must whip them, do it so that if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings, and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the little bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

☞ The old King's arm had a barrel as long as a rail, requiring some little time for a musket ball to get out of it. A sportsman, speaking of its peculiarities, said: "I once aimed at a robin, snapped the lock four times, then looked into the muzzle, saw the charge coming out, raised the gun again, took aim, and killed the bird."

☞ A man employed on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada a few days ago was allowed by the manager to set his little son to watch against cattle straying on to the line. Wearied by continued watching, the boy at length lay down on the rails and fell asleep, and a train came along and fairly cut off his head.

☞ "Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who has a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't; who did your *black-faced aunt elope* with?" says Bottlejack.

☞ A servant girl hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates on the table for the supposed visitors.

☞ The rebels say Sherman has 103,000 men.

[From the Waverly Magazine.]

THE RECLAIMED.

BY JENNIE L. BARTLETT.

"Where now, Grey?" said a tall, handsome man of twenty-two, as he laid his hand on the arm of a youth apparently near his own age.

"Only down to the saloon, Clifton," replied the other.

"Only down to the saloon!" echoed the first speaker, looking his friend steadfastly in the face. "You go there too often, I fear. Come," he continued, in a softer tone of voice, "go with me to my home. I promise you an interesting visit. Remember you have not seen my pretty wife yet. Clara has returned, and you know you are always warmly welcomed by my parents."

Grey wavered.

"Come," urged Clifton, linking his arm within that of Grey. "We will have music and a fund of school anecdotes from Clara."

We leave the friends to pursue their quiet walk, and look into their past lives.

Thomas Grey's parents died while he was but an infant. They had once moved in the higher circles of life; but, through bad management, and the failure of stocks, they became reduced to poverty, and died leaving their boy with naught but a parent's dying blessing. He might have wandered homeless and friendless, but for the kindness of Dr. Clifton, a friend of his parents in earlier years. He found the boy a home at a short distance from his own, and received him into his family as an intimate visitor. Tom knew of no living relatives, except a wealthy old uncle, who lived at a very great distance. Being thus alone, he clung closely to what few friends he had.

Harry Clifton, Dr. Clifton's only son, a noble, generous fellow, took Tom into his confidence, and soon became his warmest friend. Years passed by. The bond of love between them grew stronger as they grew towards manhood. In the early spring-time, when bright flowers bloomed beneath their feet, and the gay birds warbled above their heads; and in the golden autumn, when the fruit trees bowed beneath their heavy load, they might be seen walking hand in hand by the flowing river, or seated beneath some spreading tree, conning their daily tasks, or weaving bright hopes of the future.

Thus they grew up to manhood. Harry married a sweet girl, well worthy of him, and settled down to his profession. Clara, Harry's sister, left home and the quiet village for a boarding-school amid the noise and bustle of a city. Thus Tom was left more to himself. Possessing a brilliant intellect, a handsome person and pleasing manners, he was admired and flattered by the fair pleasure-seekers who are ever on the alert to captivate the unwary. No merry-making seemed complete without his presence. No gentleman could be so attentive to the ladies, so impartial as he. He had a kind word for the timid, bashful girl, a witty remark for the saucy, dashing belle, a sigh for the sentimental maiden, a helping hand for the infirm, and an open purse for the needy. Many blessings were invoked on his young head.

As the village increased in population and size it was thought by some expedient to open a saloon. The older and wiser strongly objected, but youthful zeal carried the day. The saloon was opened. A very inviting place it was, with its soft lounges, its walls hung with choice pictures, and its brilliant array of glass dishes and delicate confectionery. It soon became the resort of the "ton" of the village. The young merchant, the pale student, the man of business and the gay visitor, all flocked hither to see and to be seen.

Our young friend, urged by his fellow-students, soon joined them, and, when there, appeared the gayest of the gay. Instinctively he shunned Harry Clifton, for he visited not the saloon. He had, in passing occasionally, inhaled the fumes of cigars, and once or twice detected something stronger. Knowing the weakness of his friend, which was love of admiration, he waited for an opportunity to see and speak with him; but no such opportunity was granted him. His friend seemed to shun him continually. It was while walking home from the bedside of a patient that he accidentally met his former friend, as we have already seen, and persuaded him to go with him. Much he said during that short walk to dissuade him from frequenting the saloon.

"I know you are right, Clifton," said Tom, in reply to his friend's appeal, "and henceforth I will live differently."

Young Mrs. Clifton met them in the hall.

"Why, Harry," she exclaimed, "what has kept you so late? I feared something had happened to you."

Harry apologized by introducing his friend.

"I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Grey," she said, extending a small, white hand. "Harry has told me so much about you that I have been anxious to form your acquaintance."

Tom thanked her and followed into the cheerful sitting-room. Clara, who had been engaged on some light sewing, rose to meet him, a faint blush suffusing her delicate cheek.

Three years at boarding-school had done much for Clara, and, as she came forward to greet him, there was a gentle grace and dignity in her manner which rendered her very beautiful. Tom was the first to speak.

"I am very happy to meet you again, Miss Clifton," said he; "but, had I met you elsewhere, I should not have known you."

"You too have changed," said Clara, archly glancing at the dark curling beard which shaded his handsome face.

Tom Grey returned home after an evening profitably spent, inwardly resolving never again to join the gay company in the saloon; and if thoughts of Clara filled his mind, they were incentives to higher, nobler purposes.

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Months passed swiftly by. The balmy air of early spring again blew softly over the still barren woodland; the bright Mayflowers peeped carefully out from their hiding-places in the dark wood; the robin and blue-bird filled the air with melody; the spreading elms were putting forth early blossoms, and the soft earth smelled fresh and lovely. The diligent farmer was already uprooting the damp sod, and all nature rejoiced beneath the warm rays of the sun. But how are our friends? for such they seem to us. They still prosper. The long winter months were shortened by the sunlight of affection.

Tom arose with the dawn and studied far into the night, that he might graduate with the winter term and enter college. He had kept his resolutions faithfully, and now rejoiced that he had done so, for he had seen others whom he had loved and esteemed, and who were more able to resist evil influences than he, dragged down from honorable positions by strong drink till they sank in utter ruin.

With a heart filled with happiness he pressed eagerly forward to a noble manhood. The future appeared fair and unclouded, and at times his heart trembled with hope and fear—fear lest he should falter, for he knew that when away from good influences, and surrounded with evil ones, his powers of resistance were not very great. He had won the affections of sweet Clara Clifton, and from her had received the happy promise to be his when he should return from college.

He had found Clara even better than her girlhood's promise. Refined in manners, amiable in disposition, beautiful in person, she possessed the love and admiration of every one who came within the circle of her acquaintance.

Tom Grey chose the study of law. He left home and Clara with a brave, hopeful spirit, and went to college. Years of hard, patient, diligent study lay before him; but, by bending every faculty, he hoped to win an honorable name in the world. Here, as elsewhere, he found pleasure-lovers. There were those here who did not need a profession, who, having wealthy parents, sought not to study, but to enjoy themselves. Merry, fun-loving fellows they were, caring only for sport. Tom Grey could not long be in one place without being known and appreciated. Many calls he received from this class of students, but he gently repulsed them, telling them that his time was too precious to spend in a trifling manner. He was afraid to tell them his weakness; he could not yet bear ridicule.

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A year had slipped quickly by without any marked incident in the life of Tom Grey. It was evening. The silvery moon shed a pure light over earth. Gradually the noise and bustle of day subsided, the streets became silent and empty. Tom sat by his window, apparently in deep thought. The door softly opened.

"Alone, Grey?" said a voice.

"Yes, come in."

"Well, ar'n't you going over?" said the visitor, a handsome, dark-eyed fellow.

"I have not thought much about it," was the reply.

"Not thought much about it! Why, you must be crazy! Do you not know that the old gentleman is one of the most influential in G.? It will not do to slight his invitation."

"Well, I suppose I must go," replied Tom, proceeding to arrange his toilet.

A very wealthy gentleman, and one of the founders of the Institute, had given a supper for the students, and, though not individually invited, yet all were expected to attend.

"Hollo! Grey, you here? I thought you never went out!"

"Good evening, Grey; glad to see you—come this way and have something to drink."

"No, thank you."

"I will not take a refusal; this is my house, and you are my guest. You must take something. Here, drink."

"To the health of mine host," replied Tom, draining his glass.

The evening passed merrily away; still glasses glittered, wine sparkled, and wit flashed around the board. Night waned; one by one the guests departed; one by one the lights went out, still a few guests remained, heated with wine, laughing and joking in a foolish, drunken manner.

Here he would stop. Alas, for human resolves! How frail they are, how easily broken! Amid the beauty and glitter of the place Tom lost sight of his good resolutions, forgot everything but the excitement of the evening. The mellow, ruby wine overcame him, and he was the last to leave the brilliant rooms.

Reeling past one of the tables, he caught his toe in the carpet, and, stumbling, took hold of the rich damask cloth to steady himself; but the room seemed to whirl around, the floor heaved and swelled like huge billows. Suddenly there was a crash, and he found himself floundering amid glass and plate, his clothing and the rich carpet saturated with liquors. In another moment he was lifted to his feet in no very amiable manner. Then he was helped, or rather dragged, away from the place into a dark room, and thrust in with more haste than precision. The door was closed and barred, but he was not in a state to notice these things much. Groping his way to a dark corner, he sank down upon the floor and fell into a dreamless slumber.

The day was far advanced when he awoke; he started quickly to his feet and gazed around with a bewildered air.

"How came I hither? and what means this distracting pain in my head?" said he.

Suddenly the whole truth flashed over him, and he buried his face in his hands. Where now were his bright hopes, his honor, his bright, happy future? Blighted, lost, gone forever! What now remained to him but a long, weary life to be dragged out alone, for he would never ask Clara to link her gentle fate with his.

He remembered, too, the false friends who had lured him to drink, who thought it very funny to hear him talk when heated with wine. "Why did they not remain with me, or take me away where my disgrace would not have been so public?"

He was aroused from his painful reverie by the entrance of his tutor. He received a severe reprimanding, and was expelled.

With a crushed spirit, he hastened to his room, and, throwing himself upon his couch, he clasped his hands across his burning brow and reflected, as calmly as he could, upon his situation. His resolution was soon taken. He arose, and, seating himself at his desk, seized pen and paper and wrote. The note was brief.

"There," said he, sealing the envelop, "that is done—the worst is now over."

After mailing the letter he proceeded to pack his trunk. The outward-bound steamer, "Florence," took Tom Grey away from his native land over the dark waters of the Atlantic. Long he watched the receding shore, till it faded from view, leaving him alone on the wide, wide waters.

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A letter from Clara. She hastened to her chamber to peruse its contents.

"Clara, Clara," it said, "I am lost, disgraced! I have been tempted and have fallen. I, oh! how can I write it? I have been drunk, and I am expelled. Do not ever think of me again. I am not worthy of you. I release you from all engagements to me. Farewell forever."

Clara sank into a seat. She did not weep, but her face was deathly pale. Her small hands lay clenched in her lap; her eyes were fixed on the letter, which lay on the carpet at her feet. Hours dragged slowly by, still she moved not. Her mother, missing her, sought her in the garden, but she was not in her favorite arbor. "She may be in her chamber," thought she; "I will go and see."

She ascended the stairs and rapped at her daughter's door. No answer. She rapped again.

"Who is there?" asked Clara from within, in a strange, husky voice.

"I, your mother, Clara," replied Mrs. Clifton.

"Come in, then, dear mother."

Mrs. Clifton entered.

"What is the matter, dear child?" she exclaimed, alarmed at Clara's white face and strange manner.

"Read this, mother," said she, handing her the letter.

Mrs. Clifton read it, then, taking the cold, white hands in her own, she spoke in soothing tones of her own early womanhood's trials, of her bitter grief over an only brother, who led a reckless life.

"But, mother, your very soul was not bound up in his; all your hopes were not centered in him. Oh! mother, I cannot, cannot live! my heart is crushed, broken; my eyes are dry and burning!"

"Clara, you must not talk thus," said her mother, weeping; "you have much to live for. I would not seem harsh, my daughter; I love you too well to knowingly hurt your feelings, but you have a duty to perform—a mission to accomplish. Let your life henceforth be one of truth; try to overlook your own sufferings and help others in distress and sorrow. And now I will leave you. Good night! May you soon find peace."

"Good night, dear mother. I thank you for your counsel and will try to profit by it."

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Five years have passed—years of patient, prayerful watching to Clara. She has followed faithfully her mother's advice Shunning the gay and trifling, she sought out the poor and needy ones of earth. Many a dying bed was cheered by her presence; many a sorrowful heart comforted with her kind words. At home she was the light of the dwelling, cheering her parents in their declining years.

The western sunset shed a flood of golden light over the little village. The church-spire glittered through the trees which stood solemnly guarding the resting place of the dead. The quiet river reflected its bright rays on sparkling wavelets. Softly the balmy breath of heaven rustled the spreading branches far and near, on whose dense foliage sparkled a thousand tiny raindrops. Sweet incense rose from the bosom of the refreshed flowers. The tall grass bowed gracefully at the approach of the slightest breeze.

Clara Clifton sat near the window alone, thinking of the past. She had often tried to banish from her heart the image of one whom she thought it a sin to love, but she had found it rebellious, unyielding, and to-night there was a strange yearning after the absent one; the memory of his voice thrilled her like far-off music.

Sweet childish laughter floated in through the open casement. Another Harry sported on the broad piazza, a blue-eyed, fair-haired little fellow, with a heart full of sunshine and joy. In the front parlor sat Mrs. Harry Clifton, reading aloud. The old Doctor lays back in an easy chair listening to the news. Mrs. Clifton looks older; there are a few silver threads in the wavy brown of her hair, but the same calm, holy serenity sits on her countenance—the same earnest, heavenly light shone out of her eyes.

It grew later; still Clara sat alone in that back parlor-window, thinking, deeply thinking. Suddenly a form darkened the low window, and a voice that startled, thrilled her, said—

"Do not be afraid, Clara; do you not know me?"

"Know you, Oh Tom!" she exclaimed, springing forward.

"Dear Clara," he said, taking both her hands in his, "I have lived for this hour, to hear from your own lips that you forgive me. Let me hear you say so now."

"And did you think that I had cherished any ill feelings towards you! Did you not know that, through all these long years, I have longed for the sound of your voice, for a glimpse of your face?"

"Clara," said he, drawing the blushing girl toward him, "you are an angel. I am not worthy of you. How cruel in me to bring a cloud across the sky of your young life!"

"Do not speak so of the past," said Clara, smiling through her tears; "it has taught us both a lesson which, had it been otherwise, we might not have learned. But I am selfish in keeping you away from the others; they all want to see you."

"But will they—will your parents forgive me? Can they forget my disgrace?"

"Now," said Clara, playfully withdrawing her hand, "if you speak of that again I shall be displeased with you."

"And if you should be?" queried he, kissing her cheek.

"Why, you would have to suffer for it," said she laughingly, drawing him into the parlor, where the family were assembled.

For a few seconds no one spoke. At last young Mrs. Clifton broke the silence.

"Mr. Grey, is it possible!"

"It certainly is," he replied, stepping forward.

"Tom, my boy, come here," said the old Doctor. "Why, how manly you've grown. Well, well, I'm glad to see you."

"*Mother*," said Tom, and there was a tremor in his voice, "Clara has forgiven me; will you forgive and receive me as a dear son?"

Mrs. Clifton's eyes filled with tears.

"My son," said she, tenderly, laying her hand on his head.

"Whom have we here?" asked a cheery voice.

"Why, Tom, old fellow, give me your hand. How in the world came you here?" said Harry, shaking the extended hand heartily. "Sit down and tell us all about it. I thought you were a thousand miles away."

"Well, Harry," commenced Tom—"Holloa! who is this?" noticing for the first time the little fellow who now stood before him.

"Harry's eyes and hair," he said taking him up. "What is your name, my little fellow?"

"Harry," was the timid reply.

"Well," he continued, "of my career at college I have nothing to say. I would pass over it. When the shores of America faded from my sight I turned my face seaward, resolved to see no more the land of my birth. I then determined never to return, and hailed, if not with joy, with calmness, the English coast. I wandered under the name of Clifford, a stranger to happiness.

"For a time I could compose my mind to do nothing. With cruel remorse constantly tugging at my heartstrings, the grim shadow of despair stalking by my side, I came near losing all control of myself. But, as soon as the first fierce pang had subsided, I set about doing something. I wrote and lectured on temperance. Though jeered at when I made my first appearance, I was, ere long, applauded and petted. Thousands flocked to hear me. I was often addressed by name by those whom I did not know. Some of the wealthiest in the cities attended, and I very often received invitations to dinner from them. One of the most constant of my hearers was an old gentleman.

Every evening, be the weather fair or foul, his portly form met my view. At length the old gentleman gave me a very pressing invitation to dine with him. I did so. The result was, he urgently requested me to make his house my home while I remained in the place.

"He often spoke of a brother in America. One beautiful evening, the third of my stay there, as we were sitting alone in the moonlight, he told me his history. His parents had been very wealthy; they had but two children, himself and his dearly loved brother. This brother, who was of a roving nature, left home at an early age. He went to America, the land of gold. He there made an ample fortune, as was supposed, for they never heard from him but through others. Many letters they wrote, but received no answers. Supposing them to be miscarried, they at length relinquished further writing.

"After a few years tidings of his death reached them. He died, leaving a wife and child, and in reduced circumstances.

"'How often,' said the old man, 'have I desired to see that boy; and do you know, my young friend, you often remind me of my brother? Were your name Grey, instead of Clifford, I should be tempted to believe you my brother's son.'

"For a few moments I remained silent. Strange, wild thoughts filled my mind. Could it be possible? And why not? It must be so. My uncle sat there before me—he of whom I had heard my father speak in warmest terms of love and gratitude. Then I knelt before the old man and told him my name; told him of my past life and my conduct. He would hear all. When I had finished he took my hand, and, raising me up, said—

"'My son, I am glad to hear your confession; glad to know that you have had some experience. You are stronger, better for it. I am often lonely here; come and live with me. But first go to your friends—they are waiting and watching for you. Go there and claim their forgiveness. And when you return bring Clara with you as your wife. I know I shall love her as a daughter.'

"My story is ended. The matter rests with you. Shall Clara go with me?"

Dr. Clifton placed Clara's hand in Tom's, saying, "Take her; she is yours. Cherish her very tenderly, for she is worthy your love."

"I knew it," was the reply.

More need not be told. We will only add that two months later saw a happy bride established in her new home across the broad Atlantic, converting a bachelor's hall into a little paradise of a home, and shedding a world of light and happiness across the path of the once lonely old man.

—Charley—That's right, Tom, gratify your appetite; choke down your feelings with oysters, and only think of the gal when you're choking with red pepper and vinegar. They're all alike, Tom, alike.

Tom—Don't you think some verses would touch her, Charley—a beautiful poem?

Charley—Oh, hang your verses, Tom. If you want to enjoy life, drop poetry and gals altogether, and join a fire company.

—A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left."

☞ A bass singer, with a bad voice, was corrected by the conductor of a choir, who said to him:

"Sir, you are murdering the music!"

"My dear sir," was the reply, "it is better to murder it outright than to keep on beating it as you do."

☞ Sheridan had a very convenient formula for acknowledging all the new publications that were sent him:

"Dear Sir—I have received your exquisite work, and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it."

—A cotemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a grave-yard can there be for a dead language?

—A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as to get furniture.

☞ What part of speech is kiss? A conjunction. And what form? A lip-tickle.

A Tragedy of the Des Moines.

'Twas the spring of '58, during a brief sojourn in the Hawkeye State, that the following incident came within the writer's observation. The reader will recollect this was the "long rainy season," when carriage traveling at best was slow and toilsome, but here, among our trackless, undulating prairies, where streams rise to an unaccountable hight in a half hour, it was not only dangerous, but oftentimes impracticable. One might go out in the morning for a dozen miles' ride—across "sloughs" whose depth would scarcely exceed a few inches, and by the evening's return find these same streams so swollen and turbulent as to utterly preclude all further progress.

'Twas during one of these sudden freshets, while detained for a day at a low, miserable hut, that the terrible tragedy we are about to relate occurred. Our route not being in the vicinity of a railroad, we were necessitated to the only alternative of traveling by private conveyance. Owing to the miry state of the roads, and the constant rise of the sloughs, a journey of two hundred miles, which should have been completed in one week, was protracted to three. We had set out with light hearts and glowing hopes, and for a few days the bright, warm sunlight and smooth roads gave promise of a delightful journey. It was refreshing indeed to leave the close, dusty streets of the city, for the green, flowery carpet of the prairies; but the heavy rains coming on, the black soil giving at every step abundant evidence of its adhesive faculty, the broad prairies, now dreary and monotonous, rendered our journey dull and wearisome in the extreme.

And seeking entertainment at the little cabins scattered at long intervals along our route, and that of a questionable kind, was by no means the least disagreeable feature of the journey. The people were mostly of the lower classes of Carolinians, living in frail, shabby tenements, though with the redeeming quality of being able bravely to withstand the wild, sweeping winds, and so constructed as to admit of thorough ventilation; there were no pretensions to cleanliness—their chief subsistence, meats, coffee and tobacco.

It was in one of these shaky, dilapidated huts, and among such a people, that we were domesticated on the night of that terrible tragedy, which even now to recall, causes the blood to chill in our veins. About mid-afternoon, a heavy, driving rain had set in, compelling us thus early to seek shelter for the night. We sought and received admittance at the nearest house, but the suspicious aspect of things without and within immediately aroused our worst fears and we heartily wished ourselves out again in the pitiless storm, rather than at the mercy of these forbidding people. There were rough bearded men, slatternly and uncouth women and squalid children; the men looking askance at us from beneath their shaggy eyebrows, and exchanging knowing glances with each other; the children came gaping around, munching cold pork and johnny-cake, ferocious dogs smelling our garments with dissatisfied growls; even the black cat squinted at us with half-shut eyes from her perch on the meat-tub. But what were all these men and women doing here? As we were subsequently informed, this little cabin aspired to the dignity of "boarding-house," having been erected for the temporary accommodation of the new arrivals from "back yonder," until they could become established in homes of their own; also to the view of accommodating such unfortunate travelers as ourselves.

Half an hour before sunset the storm subsided, and we took our station at the window to while away the slowly dragging moments. We were scarcely seated ere a new comer made his appearance, and began pacing up and down the little path before the door. The dashing attire and *distingue* air of such a one in such a place, riveted our attention at once. He wore pants of a rich brown, coat of fine, glossy black, elaborate vest pattern, and a large, showy breastpin, a flowing necktie, and the head set off with a jaunty smoking cap of scarlet material. The hair and whiskers were of jetty blackness, the nose a beautiful Roman, and small, round eyes that regarded you with a look at once grave and cunning. He was very proud—any one could see that from the pompous bearing as he walked up and down the little path, and the consequential air with which he paused now and then to take observations of the sky. And yet, with all his pride, he looked sad and lonely; and he was handsome—very handsome. His very pride was beautiful. Who was he? where did he come from? what was he doing here? Like ourselves had he been driven by the storm to this miserable shelter among these miserable people? With these and similar questions we plied ourselves, and finally gave an affirmative answer to the latter as the most probable conclusion. But the while we were speculating upon this new object of curiosity, he disappeared as suddenly as he had come, having retired, as we subsequently ascertained, to an adjoining apartment; for the cabin, miserable as it was, boasted its suite of rooms.

The subsidence of the storm was brief. Again the dark threatening clouds gathered above and around; the wind rose high and still higher, and once more the storm-king raged in all his terrible fury. The little house trembled and shook before the gale, and we held our breath half-expectant that the next moment it would be dashed to the ground; loose boards rattled and creaked in the wind and the rain-drops came pelting furiously against the window panes; the roar of the swollen, turbulent river, as it rushed madly on its course, rose to our ears, and above all could be heard the angry howling and barking of the wolves in their nightly wanderings for prey. Oh, it was fearful! Never, never can we forget that night—so wild without, so wild with fear within!

The children—half a score or more—were early packed away for the night in some hidden recess; the women gathered into little knots, and smoked and gossipped; the men discussed adventures in wolf-hunting, and sipped potations from a suspicious looking bottle; our uncle and traveling companion nodded over an old newspaper he brought from the city; while we only sat a silent observer—sat and thought and feared, and thus the long evening wore away.

At length, wearied with the fatigues of the day, and sickened with the fumes of tobacco smoke and "old rye," we retired to the room appointed us, having safely accomplished the feat of scaling the rickety ladder that led to the second floor. We do not know how long we slept—it might have been two hours—when we were suddenly awakened by suppressed whispers from voices below, and persons stepping about on tip-toe. Our heart throbbing wildly—so wildly we were nearly choking for breath—we sprang up and, throwing on a wrapper, crept to our uncle's door; he was already up and dressed.

"Be calm, Mary; don't be frightened!" he said, hurriedly.

"What is it, uncle? what's the matter?" we gasped, every nerve trembling with fear.

"I'm going to see!" and, before we could call our scattered senses, he had sprung from the window out into the darkness below.

Our protector gone! alone and in the darkness! We knew we were ghastly pale, for we felt the blood recede from our face—it seemed freezing in our veins. What were those hushed movements below? what were they doing? In very agony of fear we asked ourselves the questions. Creeping stealthily along over the loose floor, we stooped down and peered through an opening between the boards. There were only two persons in the room below—our host and his wife; the latter sat with her sleeves tucked up above her elbows near a kettle of boiling water; on the opposite side of the fire sat her half tipsy husband, sharpening a huge dirk knife.

"There!" said he, with a malicious grin, trying the edge of the blade, "that'll do the work slick and clean!"

Peering cautiously around to be assured they were not observed, they arose, and, taking a small dark lantern, passed from the room.

It seemed an age, but five minutes could not have elapsed ere a cry so startling, so piercing, rang out far above the raging elements, that instantaneously we were upon our feet, but we could not move further, could not shout an alarm though life depended upon it. Strangely enough, that frantic cry had not aroused the household, the stillness was deathlike—terrible!

A long time, so it seemed to us, and a door below was softly opened. Pausing a moment to hush the tumultuous beating of our heart, we again knelt down to the aperture, and, oh horror of horrors! There lay the stranger we had seen from our window! Shuddering and half paralyzed with fear, yet we could not withdraw our gaze—we seemed riveted to the spot; we could neither speak nor move; our very heart seemed to stand still!

Ridding the poor victim of his valuables, he was stripped of his gay attire, the latter being immediately consigned to the flames. The head was nearly severed from the body, and lay weltering in a pool of blood; in strange, terrible contrast looked the white breast from that dark crimson tide! Poor one! terrible to meet death thus! so far from home and friends, it might be, and we, a weak, frightened woman, sole witness of the dark deed! Poor Chanticleer! taking a last look through the aperture, we saw his cold, lifeless remains borne away upon a platter, and laid behind the pantry door!

Sayings of Josh Billings.

It iz highly important when a man makes up hiz mind tew bekum a raskal, that he should examine hiz self closely, and see if he ain't better konstructed for a phool.

I argy in this way, if a man iz right, he kant be too radical, if he iz wrong, he kant be too konservatiff.

When you pra, pra right at the bull's eye.

"Tell the truth, and shame the devil;" i kno lots ov people who kan shame the devil eazy enuff, but the tother thing bothers them.

It iz a very delikate job tew forgive a man without lowering him in his own estimashun, and yures too.

Az a general thing, when a woman wears the britches, she haz a good rite taw them.

It iz admitted now bi everyboddy, that the man who kan git fat on berlony sassage, haz got a good deal of dorg in him.

I am poor, and i am glad that i am, for i find that welth makes more people mean, than it does generous.

Wooman's infloonce iz powerful—espeshila when she wants ennything.

Sticking up yure noze don't prove ennything, for a sope biler, when he iz away from hiz hum, smells everything.

No man luvs tew git beat, but it iz better tew git beat, than tew be rong.

Awl kind ov bores are a nusance, but it iz better tew be bored with a 2-inch orger than a gimblet.

It iz sed "that a hoss don't kno hiz strength"—and i don't really suppose that a skunk does nuther.

"Be sure you are rite, then go ahed;" but in kase uv dout, go ahed enny wa.

Sekts and creeds ov religion ar like pocket compasses, good enuff tew pinte out the direcshun, but the nearer the pole yu git, the wuss tha wark.

Men aint apt tew git kicked out ov good society fur being ritch.

The rode tew Ruin iz alwus kept in good repair, and the travellers pa the expense ov it.

If a man begins life bi being a fust Lutenant in hiz familee, he need never tew look for promoshun.

The onla proffit there is in keeping more than one dorg, iz what you kan make on the board.

I havn't got az mutch munny az sum folks, but i have got ez much impudence az enny ov them, and that iz the next thing tew munny.

It ain't often that a man's reputashun outlasts hiz munny.

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom; menny people hav thought they wuz wize, when tha waz onla windy.

The man who kant git ahed, without pulling others back, iz a limited cuss.

Woman will sumtimes confess her sins but i never knu one tew confess her faults.

Oh, what a wurld this iz tew live in, for the soul that is afrade ov dirt and deviltree.

Young man, study Defference; it iz the best card in the pack.

Honesta iz the poor man's pone, and the rich man's pudding.

There iz onla one advantage that I kan see, in going tew the devil, and that is—the road iz easy and yu are shure to git there.

Lastly—i am violently opposed tew ardent speerits as a bevridge, but for manufakturing purposes i think a leetle ov it tastes good.

Business Men in Business Hours.

The social nature of the man of business may be said to be under a cloud during business hours. Under the pressure of numerous and varied responsibilities, his genial qualities, whatever they may be, are necessarily held in abeyance. Expect nothing of him when he is in harness, save the gait and style of action that belong to the business course. He is running against time, and has no leisure for curvetting and caracolling.

Your idler who drops in upon the business man during the burden and heat of the commercial day is apt to find him "grumpy." Grumpy is an epithet which the Do-nothings of the world are rather fond of applying to pre-occupied men whose working moments are too precious to be wasted in ceremony. Ask the untimely countinghouse visitor if he was treated with incivility, and he will probably answer—"Why, no, not exactly with incivility; but Mr. So-and-so was short and abrupt in his manner, and he did not even invite me to sit down." Most worshipful Trifler, whose object it is to kill time, while that of the gentleman you were so uncivil as to annoy is to make the most of it, how do you suppose Mr. So-and-so would get through his herculean daily labors if he were not short and abrupt in his questions and replies? Should he ask every bore who calls upon him to sit down, how many chairs do you think he would need in his office? Do you imagine he would like to transact his private business in the midst of a crowd, or that if he sought golden opinions from you, or such as you, by doing the agreeable when he might be doing the profitable, he would achieve fortune or the respect of the business world? Business men are the salt of the earth; and they cannot afford to waste their savor on the moribund loungers who go roaming through the community in search of places to expend their vagabondism in.

Simplicity in Style.—A letter fell into my hands, which a Scotch servant girl had written to her lover. Its style charmed me. It was fairly inimitable; I wondered how, in her circumstances in life, she could have acquired so elegant and perfect a style. I showed the letter to some of my literary friends in New York, and they unanimously agreed that it was a model of beauty and elegance. I then determined to solve my mystery, and I went to the house where she was employed, and asked how it was that, in her humble circumstances in life, she had acquired a style so beautiful that the most cultivated minds could not but admire it. "Sir," she said, "I came to this country four years ago. Then I did not know how to read or write. But since then I have learned how to read and write, but I have not learnt how to spell; so always when I sit down to write a letter I choose those words which are so short and simple that I am sure I know how to spell them." There was the whole secret. The reply of this simple-minded Scotch girl condenses a world of rhetoric into a nutshell. Simplicity is beauty. Simplicity is power.—[Fitz Green Halleck.

☞ Saturday, going out towards the National road bridge over White river, Indianapolis, was a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the heaves, the pony was blind, the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon, which was an ordinary one, sat a white man, a crippled negro, and a tame skunk. The skunk was firmly bound with a whisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the team held its own, and the nigger held the skunk. It is not stated whether such sights are common at the capital.

Night.—Night keeps men alive without fire, candle, meat, drink or clothing; all she asks is a bed. The poorest man is happy as a king as soon as he lies down, and fortunately he has to stand up only half his time.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

SPEED THE PLOW.

God Speed the Plow! may Agriculture thrive,
And Art and Science flourish; commerce grow
Healthy and strong; nations the sword forego,
That enmity may die, and man survive!
Another Tyneside welcome we award
The friends of peace and progress—by whose aid
The plowshare shall supplant the battle-blade,
And Right, instead of Might, be sceptered lord!
But, mid our jubilations, let us pray
For other lands—by ruthless conflict torn—
That soon the advent of a brighter day
May be vouchsafed to "comfort those that mourn,"
Till earth—by war long stricken and opprest—
Throughout the after ages shall have rest!

JAMES SOUTER.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 16, 1864.

A New Kind of Flour.—Grain and flour having become scarce, the rebels have devised a new source of supply, which is thus described by the Savannah Republican:

We have a sample of sorghum flour, made of the seed of Chinese cane, which may be seen at our office. The planter who sends it to us had no means of bolting this flour, nor had he taken off the hull of the seed before grinding—the consequence is that the flour has a pinkish color.

Those who have made a trial of this excellent flour, represent it as an admirable substitute for buckwheat. Made into hoe cake, it is a very savory bread. It is likely to come into very general use, if prepared like wheat flour, by bolting. The price at which it can be afforded in market may be assumed at fifteen or twenty dollars per sack; but, as an acre of sorghum yields from twenty to fifty bushels, ten dollars would be a remunerating price. The production of this grain, the present year, in Georgia, must amount to five millions of bushels. We have this great supply of food to fall back upon, in the event of a deficiency of the common cereals, wheat and maize.

The season for buckwheat cakes comes in next month, with frost. Let the lovers of this bread try the sorghum flour. It is represented as being very similar when prepared as the former is.

As a substitute for coffee no parched grain or vegetable ordinarily used as substitutes is at all equal to sorghum seed. And what is still more valuable to know, in the present scarcity of sugar, a small quantity of the sirup boiled with ground seed makes the coffee substitute very pleasant and palatable.

What Hogs to Winter.—A. Hinsdale, of Ohio, in an article in the Ohio Farmer, gives the following very sensible advice: "Get a good breed of medium-sized hogs that will fatten at any age—such as will weigh from 300 to 400 pounds when matured—if you have no cheaper feed than corn. Keep over winter none but breeding stock. Be sure and keep enough of that, for if you have too many pigs you can always do something with them in the spring. Have your pigs come about the first of April; keep no more than you can keep well growing. Be sure and have good pasture for them. Make all the pork you can from cheaper feed than corn—which must be the base of fattening.

"I presume that when corn is over fifty cents per bushel, it will pay well to grind and cook it; but I have not tried it fairly. Fat well, and kill your pigs about Christmas, and they will ordinarily weigh about 200 pounds of as nice pork as was ever put into a barrel. It will frequently out-sell heavy hogs in market. I think that when corn is fifty cents a bushel, to make pork-raising a good business it should bring $4 per hundred, and for every ten cents advance on corn, pork should advance $1.

Salt Rising.—Mrs. Wm. Jackman, of Williamsburg (no State given), gives her process of raising bread: "The first thing in the morning when the tea-kettle boils, I take a pint of boiling water and put a teaspoonful of salt into it, let it stand until cold enough to bear my finger in it, then stir in flour enough to make a batter (using a quart pitcher for the purpose), then set it to rise, by placing the vessel containing the batter inside of a pot of warm water, kept just warm enough to bear the finger in. After it has stood 2 or 3 hours, stir in a tablespoonful of Indian meal, and when the vessel runs over, which will be 4 or 5 hours from the first, mix the dough and make into loaves, set them in a warm place, and cover to rise. When risen enough, bake. The above quantity is for 7 pounds of flour."

Agricultural Statistics.—The statistical returns now being received by the Agricultural Department, at Washington, from all sections of the country show that crops will turn out much better than has been anticipated. There will be a full average crop of all the principal products, and of potatoes the yield is extraordinarily large. The latter part of the season has been most favorable, and to a great extent compensated for the damage done by the drought.

To Keep Mince-Meat.—George P. Passmore, Chester county, Pennsylvania, writes to the American Agriculturist that mince-meat prepared at any time of the year may be kept entirely sweet for months by packing it in stone jars, and covering the surface with say half an inch of molasses to exclude the air. This is worth remembering when at any time a larger quantity of beef is cooked than is wanted immediately. [A layer of lard over it will keep it.]

Omelet.—Contributed to the American Agriculturist by Louisa J. Wilson, Armstrong county, Pennsylvania. Beat together four eggs and one cup of sweet milk. Have ready a skillet with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, on a moderate fire. When the eggs are beaten, place them in a skillet and cook ten or fifteen minutes. [A capital addition to the above is, parboiled ham cut into small bits and mixed with the omelet when placed in the skillet.]

—"What will destroy chinch bugs?"—[S. O. W.

Get a large, flattish "hard-head," and put your bug on it, and then with a common nail hammer, or the head of an ax, strike him fifteen or twenty quick, hard blows. The remedy is effectual.

"What shall I do with these infernal fruit thieves?"—[S. McD. Use an old shot-gun. [Wisconsin Chief.

—Cucumber catchup is an excellent sauce and very readily made. Select large cucumbers just before they turn yellow, peel and grate them; let the juice drain out through a colander or sieve, then rub the pulp through a sieve to remove the seeds. Half fill bottles with the pulp and then fill up with moderately strong vinegar. Keep it corked tightly. Add salt and pepper when used at the table.

Flake Pudding.—Contributed to the American Agriculturist by Ivy Adams, Clinton county, Ohio: Take 3 eggs and 3 cups of milk, stir in flour until it makes a thin batter, put a small quantity in the pans to allow for raising, bake quickly.

Sponge Cake.—Contributed to the American Agriculturist by Mrs. B. McClellan, Sandusky county, Ohio: Mix 6 eggs, thoroughly beaten, with 2 cups sifted sugar, 2 cups sifted flour, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, ½ teaspoonful soda, and a little salt.

—Clear gravy is made by boiling the meat a nice brown before stewing. Lemon juice, wine, or catchup, is often added to rich gravies. They should not be when there is a sauce as well as the gravy accompanying the dish.

Horse Radish Sauce.—Into a teacup of scraped horse radish, mix two tablespoons of powdered sugar, a teaspoon of mustard, and best vinegar enough to cover it. Bottle closely and use with cold meats.

—Potatoes of the very best quality are selling in the Terre Haute market at 50 to 75 cents per bushel, and fresh butter at 30 to 40 cents per pound.

Slander.—Where will you find a more despicable character than the slanderer? He is the pestilential vapor in a healthy atmosphere—a curse in the midst of blessings—the serpent in paradise—the devil among angels. How many good and kindly disposed people have been infected by his foul breath; how many pure reputations have been rendered questionable by his dark insinuations and diabolical innuendoes! If there is a being crawling upon earth's surface who deserves the scorn, derision and contempt of mankind, it is the slanderer. Who does not loathe and despise him? Like the midnight assassin, he stabs in the dark, and makes shipwreck of that which is dearer to you than life.